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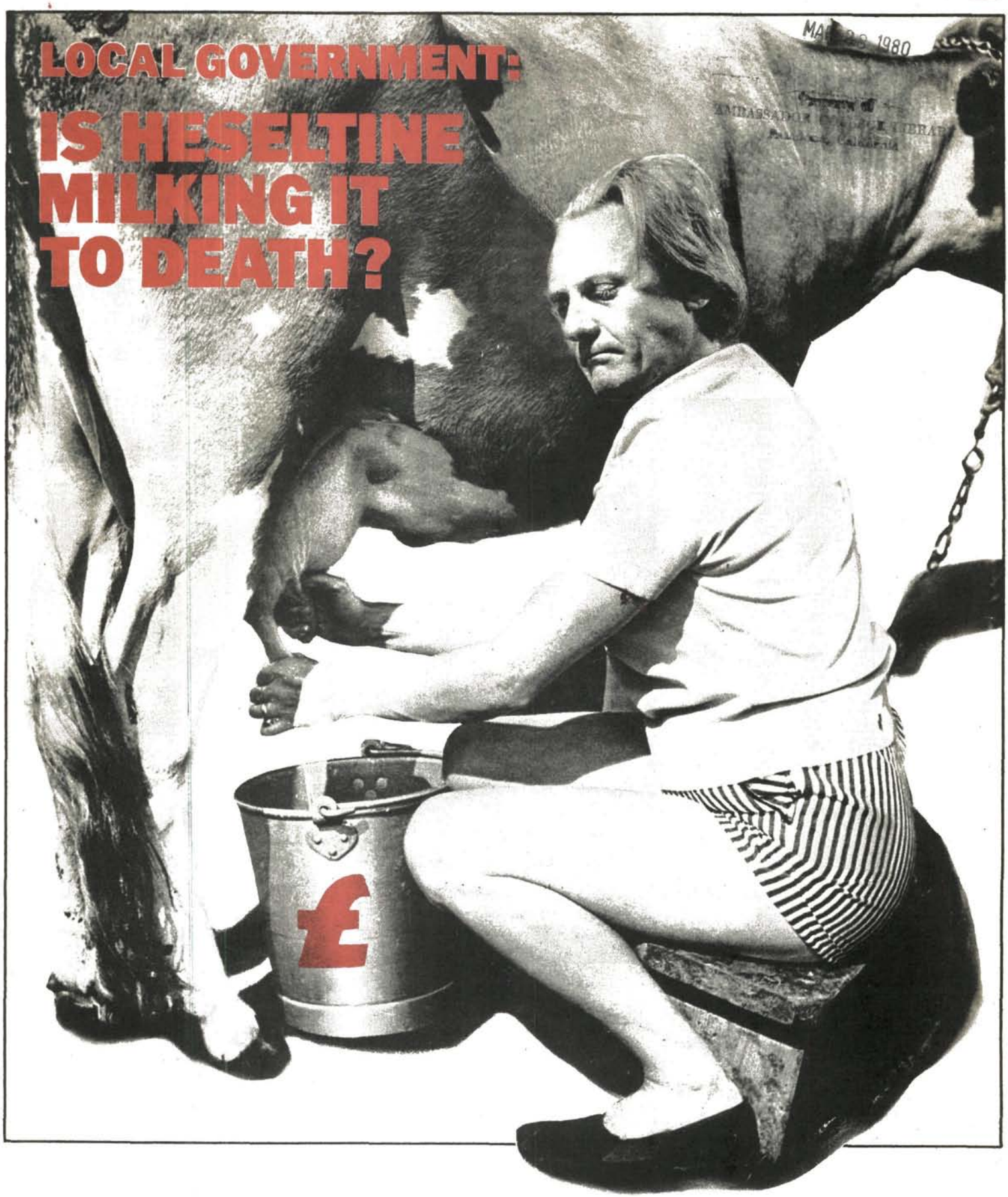

Security II: where the spies are

Iran: first-year report

Anthony Barnett: Hanoi Notebook

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NEW STATESMAN

Volume 99 8 February 1980 No 2551

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The Games of Nations

MOSCOW WAS the wrong place for an international athletics meeting *before* the tanks went into Afghanistan. The most obvious reason lies in the claim put forward for Moscow when bidding against Los Angeles for the 1976 Olympics (which, after a standoff, went to Montreal). Security, said the Russians, would be superior in Moscow.

Yes, indeed. Long before Margaret Thatcher and Jimmy Carter started vocalising, it was plain that the 1980 venue was going to be made safe for American television – rights sold to NBC for $85 million – by clearing every likely dissident off the streets of Moscow. The technology of public order is something in which the USSR leads the world (though, as the NS has lately shown, our society is not without its aspirant competitors).

But there is a further argument, less well understood. The ugliness of what is about to happen in Moscow has its proximate cause not in the nature of the Soviet regime – or its actions – but in the nature of the Olympics themselves. Many years ago, the element in them which derives from the natural human delight in physical endeavour was swamped by the fierce demands of competing bureaucracies – those of nation-states, and those of multinational corporations.

> An important factor in our foreign policy is the international relations of our sportsmen. . . . The success of our sportsmen abroad helps in the work of our foreign diplomatic missions and of our trade delegations.

That was *Pravda* in 1958: remember, comrade, when the field goes into the bell lap, that we're still trying to shift a couple of match factories on the Burmese. The quotation comes from *The Politics of the Olympic Games,** a new and valuable book by an American journalist named Richard L. Espy, who makes it very clear that the Soviet Union has no monopoly on this kind of nastiness. American athletes at Helsinki in 1952, according to the memory of the decathlon champion Bob Mathias, felt as though they were under a compulsion to try to humiliate Soviet competitors:

> You just had to beat 'em . . . This feeling was strong down through the team, *even* (among) *members in sports where the Russians didn't excel.*

The emphasis is worth adding, because anyone who has been genuinely engaged by sport knows that once people start boasting about victories over opposition which (for whatever reason) isn't very good, then they swiftly become contemptible. The particular value of Mr Espy's book is that he disproves a myth which is all too commonly held: that of an essentially innocent Olympic organisation, which was corrupted by governments and by big business. He shows that from the beginning, and by choice of the Olympic organisation, 'each athlete was subordinated to the state, as its contestant'.

> The propaganda value became readily apparent when the prowess of an athletic feat was rewarded under a national banner . . . but the states did not originate the idea of such national identification. The Olympic officials . . . structured their Games and organisations along nationalistic lines . . . States merely capitalised on and supported an idea that was to their benefit.

The case of the Guyanese athlete James Gilkes is worth recalling. In 1976 the IOC affected to believe that competitors were engaged in an *individual* capacity. This was in truth a ploy aimed against those Third World nations which said they would boycott any Games which included representatives of apartheid. James Gilkes, taking the IOC at its word, applied to compete individually under the Olympic banner. He was turned down.

CARTER, THATCHER & CO differ not at all from Soviet politicians in their ambition to use the Games as an instrument of State policy. They differ only in that they cannot impose that ambition upon those who disagree. Anyone who refuses, quite rightly, to have anything to do with the Moscow Olympics should use his or her liberty of expression to make quite clear that the reasons involved are not those of the new Cold Warriors.

Nothing now can prevent the Moscow Olympics from being a moral debacle, probably one worse than Mexico City or Munich – perhaps as appalling as Berlin in 1936. But it is the fault of the Olympic organisers, who imagined that they could have nationalism without politics. 'To deny the obvious', as Richard Espy sensibly observes, 'is to court ruin'.

The ruin is well deserved, but something may eventually be rescued from it. There is increasing evidence that athletes themselves are becoming disillusioned with the saturnalia into which they are quadrennially co-opted. Said one of the eight Israelis who survived the Munich massacre:

> The officials, of course, only care about their countries. They're super-nationalistic. Still, the Olympics is for the athletes, not the officials.

And not, one might add, for the spectators, the TV companies, the soft-drink merchants, and the propagandists. If the athletes ever have the courage to take their sports back into their own hands, the Olympics as we know them will cease to exist. But what reappears afterwards could be something worth having again.

*University of California Press. £6.50/$10.95.

NOTES

Back to the thirties in Wales

Steve Evans writes: If the proposed cutbacks in the South Wales steel industry go ahead, unemployment in the region will rise to between 15 and 20 per cent. That is the conclusion of an as yet unpublished report on the cuts' effect on the local economy by the research units of the county councils for Dyfed, Gwent, Mid, South and West Glamorgan.

The report, which is expected later this month, will conclude that the rundown of steel at Port Talbot and Llanwern will result in unemployment rising by between 30,000 and 40,000. This includes steelworkers, miners and those thrown out of work as a result of the slackening in demand in the local economy. According to the researchers West Glamorgan will have an unemployment rate of 15 per cent in a year's time. In Port Talbot 16,000 people will be out of work.

The report estimates that spending in West

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Glamorgan will drop by £23 million – £7.5 million of this will come off consumer goods in South Wales as a whole. Up to £85 million in spending power could be lost, the Central Research Unit of West Glamorgan County Council says.

The social impact of the steel closures could be immense. 'The impact of enforced early retirement and long-term, hard core unemployment can cause family break-up. Just one extra child in local authority care will cost an extra £4,000', say the researchers. They estimate that another 6,000 children will need free school meals in West Glamorgan. Despite the Conservative government, public spending is likely to increase.

Wheels within wheels

Mick Hamer writes: Arguably British Rail's most successful public relations coup in recent years has collapsed in an acrimonious row between an excessively defensive and authoritarian British Rail management and four leading pressure groups. The particular issue is small – bikes on commuter trains; BR's method of operation is of more general interest.

BR allowed bikes to be taken on trains free in June 1977 – before that they were charged half fare like dogs and prams – showing some modest pride in the achievement in their annual report. But early last yeat British Rail's Southern Region announced a ban on bicycles. The chief reason for this restriction was the introduction of new trains with sliding doors, less luggage space and consequently less room for bikes. BR claimed that the bikes would reduce the seating capacity – though this had already been reduced by the design of the carriages which created more standing room. However, it then transpired that despite the ban, no trains were then in use because of production delays. Pressure from cyclists followed and the restriction was rescinded.

Late last year a new ban was introduced, this time on all rush hour commuting trains in the London area. In addition to the argument about new trains – which were now being introduced on a few suburban lines – BR said that loading bikes caused delays; clearly an important consideration on a busy commuter line. At a meeting with BR last month the cyclists tried to establish where the delays were occurring. 'I don't have to give you evidence; we're running the show', replied the BR manager.

BR's general view is that the inconvenience caused to commuters is out of all proportion to the small numbers of cyclists involved. Or as they rather robustly stated at the meeting: 'We have to run the railways as a commercial proposition . . .(not) . . .as a social service.' This meeting broke up with an agreement not to make 'political capital' out of it but the same afternoon a press statement quoting a railway official and putting BR's case was circulated. The source of this statement is in dispute and the cyclists are hoping, endearingly, for a meeting with BR chairman Sir Peter Parker and a change of heart.

Behind Argentina's moderate facade

Malcolm Coad writes: Commentators as diverse as most of the British press, the Communist Parties of the Soviet Union and Argentina, and conservative upholders of human rights such as Robert Cox – the editor-in-exile of the Buenos Aires *Herald* – believe that the members of the Argentinian military junta, and especially President Jorge Videla himself, are essentially moderate men struggling hard to control the excesses of hard men further down the military hierarchy. This is, unsurprisingly, a view canvassed extensively by the military junta itself. A report published on Monday by Amnesty International gives it the lie *(Testimony on Secret Detention Camps in Argentina)*.

The information in the report, which has been diligently checked by Amnesty over a period of several months, comes from two escaped detainees from these camps, Oscar Alfredo Gonzalez and Horacio Guillermo Cid de la Paz. For the first time it gives firm and systematic evidence of the connections between the paramilitary snatch squads used to abduct opponents of the regime, 11 secret concentration camps used to house these 'disappeared prisoners' (of which there are some 15,000 throughout Argentina) and the highest echelons of the armed forces, including at least one member of the three-man First Military Council, the governing junta itself.

Many of the brutalities referred to in the report are by now familiar. As well as these there are diagrams of three of the camps, a list of over 300 names of disappeared prisoners now accounted for by Gonzalez and de la Paz, details of collaboration between Argentinian, Brazilian and Uruguayan security forces, allegations of the drugging of prisoners and their subsequent dumping into the sea from helicopters (euphemistically called 'transfer') and details of the overt Nazism and violent anti-semitism practised in the camps.

More damaging for the junta directly, however, is the evidence that what they have always claimed are freelance groups of terrorists are in fact subdivisions of centralised 'task-forces' organised by the armed forces and operating out of concentration camps run by high-ranking serving officers. Apart from well-known 'hard-liners' such as Army Chief of Staff Suáres Masón (who has just retired) these include Admiral E. Massera – 'El Negro' to the camps' staffs – who is a member of the First Military Council and thus one of Videla's closest colleagues. He is believed to be the brains behind the model camp at the Navy Engineering Institute, from which most 'transfers' have taken place. It is also known that Admiral Lambrushini, the Navy Chief of Staff and Second Military Council member (the junta's second tier), joined Massera in handing out decorations to members of the navy's task-force at a celebration two years ago in this camp.

Few of these 'moderates' are shy of touting themselves as the future leaders of the kind of restricted democracy towards which military dictatorships throughout Latin America are worming their way. Massera has even been doing so among Peronist exiles in Europe, while Videla prepares to visit the succession upon his confidante General Roberto Viola of the Second Council. In the light of Gonzalez and de la Paz's report, opposition leaders and others tempted into giving aid and succour to Videla and his kind would be well advised to consider just how restricted – and bloody – 'restricted' could be.

Inside British Rail's new Southern Region commuter train: no bikes, not many seats either

BOSS's third force collapses

Geoff Lamb writes: The recent exposure of South African police spy Craig Williamson in an obscure international agency called the International University Exchange Fund is more important than it seems. It signals the final collapse of a long international campaign to build up and sustain a 'third force' in the struggle for South Africa between the apartheid regime and the major liberation movement, the African National Congress. It may also be a failure, rather than an apparent triumph, for the South African intelligence services. They evidently hoped to 'turn' the entire Fund to work secretly for them; and they tried to use the Fund to penetrate the ANC.

Williamson, a white South African, was deputy director of the Geneva-based organisation, which runs educational and social programmes concentrated in Southern Africa and Latin America, with an annual budget of £2.2m. He has now been hustled back to South Africa by his security police chief, and will star as a state witness in a number of forthcoming trials. The programmes, funded by IUEF in South Africa and Namibia, will no doubt be rolled up by the police, and at least some of their personnel prosecuted under suitably vague subversion charges. It is clear that the IUEF is seriously compromised. Its staff are meeting in Geneva this week anxious to hear an explanation of his curious behaviour from Lars-Gunnar Eriksson, the Fund's director (Eriksson fled to Paris and then to Stockholm claiming his life had been threatened after Williamson had confronted him and confessed his identity). Eriksson, an insistent earlier supporter of

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Williamson, might well have found his future in doubt anyway. He has been a leading proponent of building up a political alternative to the ANC in the fight for South African liberation, and under him the IUEF, until fairly recently, was notably cool to mainstream ANC supporters. The Fund had instead supported the non-Soviet Pan-Africanist Congress, a number of Black Consciousness groupings in South Africa, and a variety of individuals who had broken with the ANC. More recently, however, the Nordic governments who now supply the bulk of IUEF funding have begun giving more direct support to the ANC – not least because of the flood of post-Soweto young recruits and refugees now under the ANC's wing.

The South African intelligence services evidently wanted to use IUEF for two potentially contradictory purposes, aside from keeping tabs on existing IUEF operations through Williamson. First, if the IUEF could be turned by their agents into a police-controlled operation – as Williamson and his security police boss apparently tried to do in their confrontation with Eriksson – then the South African state would in effect be 'running' any external political third force as its own creature. Internally, the regime is belatedly attempting to create a black 'buffer bourgeoisie': the IUEF network held out the promise of an external counterpart. But the second, probably overriding, objective was penetration of the ANC. Williamson was prominent among IUEF people urging closer ties with the ANC. Williamson's motives, of course, unlike those of the other supporters of that policy, had nothing to do with liberation.

Control of the IUEF has eluded South African intelligence, although they may have effectively destroyed the organisation and have certainly scored a substantial victory in the resulting propaganda and suspicion.

The Robinson Saga

Patrick Wintour writes: The AUEW's decision to defend Derek Robinson, the dismissed senior convenor at BL's Longbridge plant, was not, itself, in the end a surprise. As Robinson himself continually insisted there was no case to answer. The publication of the pamphlet criticising the Edwardes plan was not against company rules nor, at the time the pamphlet was written, did it contravene his union's own policy. The verbatim transcripts numbering 250 pages of interviews with management, officials and shop stewards showed crucially that there had been no formal first warning of Robinson by BL. Without that first warning (whatever BL's belated statistics on strike provocation by Robinson) there could be no dismissal.

What is surprising is the AUEW's decision to call out its members at Longbridge from Monday. The TGWU in the West Midlands will do likewise. Few thought, once Robinson had not been supported by his union immediately after the dismissal, that an official strike would be called after a protracted and superfluous inquiry. The best most expected was that the AUEW would link the Robinson issue with the ballot over pay, grading and work practices. The ballot result is expected on 12 February. It was thought that if Leyland workers supported their negotiators and voted against the pay offer the AUEW would have been able to merge the two issues of Robinson and work practices into one strike over the authority of shop stewards. The AUEW leaders may know that BL workers are balloting against a strike on pay.

So the AUEW executive may have pressed for an immediate strike on Robinson. They must have been influenced also by the 460 resolutions from branches and districts criticising the executive's weak defence of Robinson. The strength of the Left's campaign shook the right wing executive. Some of the executive were also angered by an editorial by Sir John Boyd, the general secretary, in the union journal which publicly criticised Robinson and almost seemed to pre-empt the deliberations of the enquiry. The illness of Boyd, the Right's strategist, has probably also weakened the hold of the anti-Robinson group.

The executive's unsure handling of the Robinson affair may now generally weaken the hold of the Right in the AUEW and in turn dim the hopes of the Right in the Labour Party. There is talk that two formerly left-wing seats on the AUEW's policy-making national committee have changed hands and the Right now have a majority of four. But this speculation may be premature. Tory Industrial confrontation tends to break caucas discipline in the AUEW and blur the Left-Right split. Twelve of the new national committee are new delegates and thus unknown quantities.

EQUALITY
Anna Coote

The Corrie Bill is part of a wider attack on women's rights

Pregnant and in the kitchen

MORE THAN 60 amendments have been tabled by opponents of John Corrie's Abortion (Amendment) Bill, which has its report stage in the Commons this Friday. Extra time will be available next week if the debate is not concluded in a single day – and Norman St John Stevas, Leader of the House of Commons (and a Roman Catholic), may provide government time if it is needed.

The Bill has been strengthened considerably in committee stage. If passed in its present form it will not only reduce the time limit for most abortions from 28 to 20 weeks, but will also confer upon the Secretary of State the power to reduce the limit still further by means of a statutory instrument. This would mean that if a government minister wanted to prohibit abortion beyond (say) the twelfth week of pregnancy, he could be stopped only by the complicated 'prayer' procedure, which requires members of both Houses to table negative resolutions within a limited period of time, and then command a majority of votes in their favour.

Corrie's Bill is designed to wreck the work of the charitable agencies by prohibiting 'association' between pregnancy counselling and clinics carrying out terminations. If any such link were found, the clinic would lose its licence – so it seems likely that organisations such as the British Pregnancy Advisory Service would have to cease counselling altogether, leaving the anti-abortionists to monopolise the field. The 'social' clause of the 1967 Act is also wrecked by the Bill: a woman will be unable to obtain an abortion unless continuing the pregnancy carries a risk of 'serious' injury which is 'substantially' greater than the risk of terminating the pregnancy.

Two major polls published this week show that the weight of public opinion is opposed to making abortion more difficult to obtain. In a Gallup poll conducted for *Woman's Own*, 80 per cent of women interviewed believed that if the law were restricted, women would seek other (illegal) avenues to terminate unwanted pregnancies; and 65 per cent of women aged 25-34 (the main child-bearing group) felt abortion should not be harder to obtain. In a MORI poll conducted for the *Sunday Times*, 54 per cent of men and women agreed that 'abortion should be made legally available for all those who want it', while 36 per cent disagreed.

There is still a chance that the Bill will be talked out, or even defeated on a vote. But women's right to choose abortion is under greater threat now than ever before – and that could only have happened in a certain political climate. Indeed, Corrie's Bill fits into a pattern of social and legal change which is reversing progress made since the mid-1970s.

THE TORIES' Employment Bill restricts the right of women to return to their jobs after taking maternity leave. Small firms (with fewer than six employees) will not have to give women back their jobs when they return from maternity leave unless it is 'reasonably practicable' to do so. The same loophole is opened for larger firms as long as they offer 'suitable' alternative employment – which could be very widely interpreted. Women giving notice of their intention to return to work must comply with a new set of rules, which seems designed chiefly to confuse and discourage them at the most difficult time – when they are coping with a small baby.

The same Bill seeks to abolish the provisions in Schedule 11 of the Employment Protection Act which has helped (if inadequately) some groups of low-paid workers to claim better rates. Since the low-paid are predominatly female, this will diminish still further women's chances of decent wages.

William Whitelaw plans to withdraw the 'concession' which Labour handed to British women in 1974, enabling those married to foreigners to settle in their own country with their husbands. If Whitelaw has his way, this 'privilege' (for it was never a right) will be restricted to women born in the UK, and to those born abroad to British-born parents temporarily out of the country. Apart from being quite blatantly racist, this measure would almost certainly contravene the European Convention on Human Rights, which guarantees the right 'to marry and form a family' and to 'respect for family life' – as well as prohibiting discrimination in the enjoyment of these rights.

Whitelaw admitted in a television interview last November that his government was 'worried about... extra male immigration... because of the problem of male unemployment', as if female employment were a relatively trivial matter. This sentiment was echoed (somewhat incoherently) by Patrick Jenkin, Secretary of State for Social Services, in a recent edition of *Man Alive*:

> If the good Lord had intended us all having equal rights to go out to work and to behave equally you know he really wouldn't have created man and woman. Woman has been created as...I mean these are the biological facts of life that young children do depend on their mothers.

Judges' decisions tend to reflect prevailing political opinion and it is significant that in the last year they have produced a series of unhelpful judgments, which have restricted

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women's access to equal pay and opportunity. Last week, the British government argued before the European Court that Article 119 of the Treaty of Rome (which establishes the right to equal pay 'for work of equal value') does *not* cover cases where a woman replaces a male employee doing the same job but at a lower rate of pay. Two weeks earlier, Lord Denning ruled in the Court of Appeal that for an employer to hire men for heavy work and women for light work was not sex discrimination but 'natural selection'. And the Employment Appeals Tribunal recently decided that dismissing a woman because she was pregnant did not amount to 'less favourable treatment' under the terms of the Sex Discrimination Act (because men don't get pregnant and there is therefore no 'male comparator').

The possible effects on women of public spending cuts have been recorded in some detail (NS 13 October 1978; 20 April 1979) and the gloomier predictions seem to be coming true. The University Grants Committee has just ordered universities to stop subsidising creches and nurseries; and in the London borough of Hackney, three brand new, purpose-built nurseries have been boarded up and may never be used. It seemed a little paranoid early last year to suggest that the Tories would like to see women 'barefoot, pregnant and in the kitchen'. The most one can say with certainty now is that they are prepared to let them keep on their shoes.

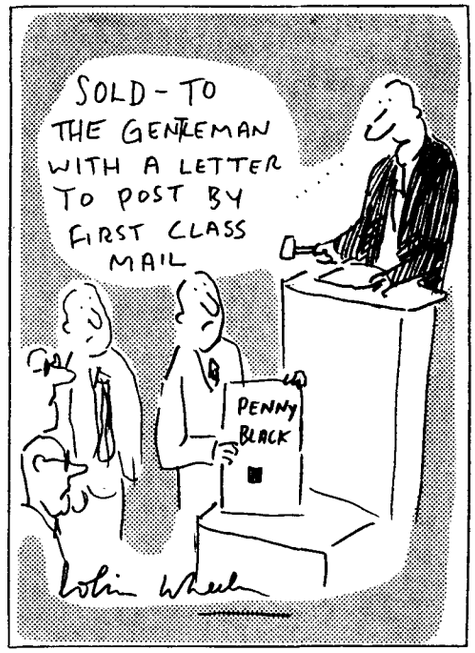
UNIONS
Patrick Wintour

The London postworkers are near signing an unprecedented productivity deal

Post Office under pressure

LAST FRIDAY amid some secrecy the Director of the London Postal Office, Bill Cockburn, signed an unprecedented regional productivity deal with the Union of Post Office Workers London District Council that could trigger similar deals elsewhere in the Post Office and put Britain's ailing mail service back on its feet. The deal, which has hit some snags since Friday, comes in the middle of a Monopolies and Merger Commission Investigation into London's mail service. Announced by the Government as its first warning shot at public enterprise – BR is next – the Investigation is the first such inquiry by the Commission into the efficiency of a nationalised industry. When it was announced in September, London Posts had been suffering most of the year from crippling staff shortages, unofficial stoppages and laughable delays in deliveries. With the *Daily Mirror* claiming that Mount Pleasant, the large London sorting office, had turned into a skiver's paradise and nursing home for hangovers, the Tories clearly hoped to expose London Posts in the Investigation as a showpiece of public sector inertia. Led by the head of the Monopolies Commission, the Inquiry team promises to produce a report which is intensely embarrassing to both the UPW and the management. It will be finished on 12 March. Word has it that the Post Office management, past masters at deflecting such public inquiries, are this time running scared.

The appointment of Bill Cockburn to London Posts late last year has been seen as part of Posts' attempt to defuse the Investigation. There has been an appalling turn-over of management in the London postal region, with seven different directors in the last 10 years. Cockburn, much younger and more enterprising than his numerous grey predecessors, clearly had instructions to get a productivity deal at all costs. Negotiations have lasted two months with perhaps eight full days of discussions going on sometimes until midnight. Last week Cockburn even went to the UPW rules revision conference in Bournemouth to clinch the deal. But only this Monday it seemed to be falling apart. Tom Jackson, the UPW general secretary, was preparing a circular for the provincial union reps explaining the London deal, when the London District Council told him to delay it: the Post Office had reneged on the deal by producing on Monday a more complex document, supposedly a distillation of what had been agreed, but which in the union's view contained labyrithine specifications on work measurement, work study and conversion factors that had not been agreed by the reps. The union walked out.



The London District Council has traditionally always been one of the most militant elements in the UPW and an unlikely candidate to be the first to sign a productivity deal. It was the London UPW that convinced the union rank and file to overturn the executive's support for a management wage and productivity offer in 1979: the management then crumbled in the face of unofficial London overtime bans and gave a further six per cent without strings. Similarly, it was the London District Council which enthusiastically supported the blacking of Grunwick's mail against the wishes of their executive who in the end fined John Taylor, an LDC divisional organiser, £500.

Beside their own natural caution Taylor and his colleagues are acutely aware that any deal they sign will be a precedent for other regions.

The productivity deal or bonus scheme is, in the words of Tom Jackson, 'the first scheme in 13 years of trying that is really motivating and gives proper reward for work done. Before they have always had a cautious civil service mentality over productivity. There's never been any money in it.' As a result, the UPW has repeatedly rejected productivity. The scheme, restricted to certain London offices, is entirely voluntary for each office. But with talk of the scheme being worth up to £20 a week, it is immensely attractive. It consists of a bonus for immediate manpower savings and another for quality of service. The problem is that any scheme to satisfy the Post Office will need detailed work measurement. At present the UPW, as a matter of formal policy, opposes the measurement of its members' work in the detail the Post Office desires.

The whole deal is now in the balance but if it is finally signed it will be immensely significant. London Posts is the epicentre of the Post Office; if London goes wrong the whole mail service suffers. In 1977 roughly 22 per cent of all UK mail was delivered in London and about 27 per cent of all mail received some sorting in London. It deals weekly with 5.1 million overseas items and acts as a major circulation centre for domestic mail.

Besides stolid management, London Posts' main problem has been low productivity. The independent and vociferous watchdog, the Mail Users' Association, says there has been an increase in productivity per employee over the last two years but the quality of service has declined. 'The long term trend in productivity has been down and there is now room for a 30 per cent gain in London'.

Productivity has been low for three reasons. First, considering the intensely anti-social hours (with work beginning at 6 am, often miles from home) pay packets have been low — £60.87 plus £10.96 in 1978 for those working in Inner London. Including the average 1978 overtime of 11 hours over the basic 43 hours, the Inner London postman earned £98 a week. This has obviously been too low: there has been a 17 per cent turnover of staff in Inner London, a low differential between the Postmen Higher Grade and the basic postmen, and a shortage of staff amounting to 27 per cent of the 21,000 required. The problem has been reduced in the last pay round with basic pay reaching £67.09 plus £16.75 for London weighting.

The second reason for low productivity was that until last year high levels of overtime were encouraged by the pay packet make-up. Successive incomes policies had left postmen with a large part of their increases unconsolidated. As a result the first hours of overtime were worth only a few pennies more than the normal time payment. In effect, either a postman did no overtime but had a second job, or he spread his work out so as to do a great deal of overtime. As late as November 1979, Inner London postmen were working on average 11 hours' overtime a week.

The third reason for low productivity is, simply, there has been no productivity deal. The regional deal appears to be qualitatively different from national schemes offered previously by the Posts HQ. If it is signed it will reduce both the formal level of under staffing and the need for excessive overtime, and begin to buy out the restrictive practices that have grown up in response to low pay.

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Big Brother's many mansions

CAUSE FOR CONCERN about the work of the secret intelligence and security services is not confined to their role in telephone tapping and mail opening, exposed in last week's NEW STATESMAN. The sole accountability of MI5, MI6 and other services to Parliament is through the annual Secret Vote, recently raised to £40m. But this can only be a small part of actual resources allocated. Other funds, we are informed by ex-employees, are 'laundered' away from budgets voted for other purposes: Home, Foreign and Defence.

Between an unquestioned and unquestionable Secret Vote, and the unconstitutional laundering of funds is an enormous void of unacountability. Many of the security and intelligence agencies' activities – which inevitably, can only be sampled through intense barriers of secrecy and deception – raise deeper problems than secret, unaccountable funds. DUNCAN CAMPBELL continues the inquiry into the security state.

He focuses first on bugging operations, which are separate from telephone tapping, but appear to come under even less legal restraint. Bugging must normally involve some kind of intrusion into premises – even, on occasion, breaking and entering. (But, as in the case of phone-tapping, new technologies are emerging which make the intruder's task even easier, and even harder to control.)

Most of the 'secrets' revealed here are secret only from the British public which pays the bills. There is ample evidence that in several cases Soviet and East European intelligence services have penetrated flimsily-assembled 'covers'.

Sir Francis Brooks Richards, a Deputy Secretary in the Cabinet Office. His role of Co-ordinator of Security and Intelligence removes the accountability of the security services from government ministers.

COI (1974 portrait)

IN LONDON ALONE, the security and intelligence services appear to have exclusive use of eight large office blocks. This alone suggests that their official budget – £40 million – must be a serious deception. We have assembled evidence from many public sources, and confirmed with those acquainted with the security agencies and elsewhere, that all the buildings portrayed opposite are – or were recently – concerned entirely in such activities. From this – undoubtedly rough – assessment, we can estimate the numbers employed in these premises, and gauge the overall cost.

The legitimate work of these services does of course require office premises of some size. But these London offices appear to employ enough people to consume the entire Secret Vote in salaries alone. We estimate (opposite) that the salaries of the 5400 employees in these London offices alone must amount, at the very least, to just under £40 million. Additionally, rates not charged to the Vote amount to £2.3 million, and rental likewise ignored would be over £10 million. Overall, the real budgets for MI5, MI6 and GCHQ could be more than £300 million.

The size and power of the spooks may, we suggest, be indicated by the extent of their real estate, which is larger than has been realised. In many cases, we know little or nothing about precisely what the building is used for. But in the case of one unit, a great deal has been established from public documents, confirmed by police and intelligence sources.

A JOINT electronic surveillance and bugging facility for MI5, MI6 and the police is located in a quiet part of South London, at 113 Grove Park, Camberwell, SE5. The site, pictured in last week's NEW STATESMAN, is entered by a driveway concealed behind a suburban terrace and overlooking a railway. The only entrance is via an electrically operated steel doorway. Like Tinkerbell, the phone-tapping HQ, this office is operated 24 hours a day.

Officially, although not publicly, the centre is part of C7 division of the Metropolitan Police, which supplies technical services. Occasionally, public advertisements for recording specialists have referred to the 'Camberwell Tape Laboratory'. The site is marked by a number of high radio masts, many steerable, and capable of receiving a wide range of different radio signals. The role of the centre, a large part of which is said by visitors to be below ground, is confirmed by its entry in the local planning register. It is recorded as a 'wireless receiving station'.

The bugs used by the police and security services are varied in type and facility. Briefly, they enable all conversations in a room or building to be monitored from a distance. The bugs will transmit overhead conversations to a listening centre either by radio or wires – if so, usually telephone wires. The use of a bug is quite distinct from tapping where only conversation held on a telephone can be heard: a bug is intended, at least, to pick up everything. Planting a bug on a 'target' premises requires, almost by necessity, breaking and entering or, at the very least, gaining entry by deception. As much is admitted by ex-Inspector Dick Lee in his published account of the Operation Julie drug case. If the bug works by radio then its signals on a special Home Office frequency band will be picked up from a nearby office, especially equipped van, or one of a number of fixed listening sites throughout London.

Yet although bugging would appear of necessity to involve officially blessed law-breaking no warrants are needed to employ bugs on any police investigation. In the Metropolitan Police, bugging is generally authorised by a Deputy Commissioner. But this is no real difficulty, according to one police source, as authority to bug 'can be obtained in five minutes'. The Camberwell centre has been involved in important cases where bugging has been necessary and indeed publicly acknowledged – such as the Spaghetti House and Balcombe Street sieges, and other terrorist disturbances. But such cases form only a small part of the centre's work. According to former police and intelligence officials, much of Camberwell's bugging capabilities are used not by the police for criminal investigation, but by the intelligence agencies.

The Metropolitan Police have been closely connected with the intelligence services in the use of electronic espionage for a long time. According to documents now in the Public Records Office, the Camberwell centre – then known as 'Grove Park' – was operated by Metropolitan Police staff in the 1920s and 1930s to intercept radio signals from foreign embassies in London. It supplied information to GCCS, the forerunner of GCHQ (the vast codebreaking and monitoring agency now based in Cheltenham). Later, the bulk of this activity, still in the hands of the police, moved to Sandridge near St Albans. After the war, Sandridge was taken over as a GCHQ listening station. Teams of mobile eavesdropping vans for use throughout Britain were stationed there in the 1950s and early 60s. The police connection continued, and Sandridge has now been taken over by the Home Office as a police research centre.

Sandridge continues to develop surveillance and other technical equipment for the Camberwell centre and MI5, according to former senior police officers. One of these is the spectacular laser monitoring device which can detect conversations at long range by reflecting a laser beam off a window pane or, better, an object inside a room. MI5 placed a security clamp on development of this device by commercial companies in the late 60s, according to one former intelligence agent. On a recent visit to Sandridge, I recognised laser equipment being tested on the centre's roof.

The Post Office is also closely involved in bugging. As reported last week, the R12 division at Martlesham Heath near Ipswich manufactures (and has demonstrated) miniature bugs which attach to a telephone or transmit by radio. The R12 division is closely connected with GCHQ and the security services. One estimate of the extent of bugging comes from a Post Office employee, with knowledge of the quantities of miniature printed circuits and other parts ordered by the division. Four hundred were ordered in one year. But the Home Office refuses to give any figures for the number of bugging authorisations made for police or the security services.

Other government departments are involved in the manufacture and use of bugging equipment. The Joint Services Electronics Research Laboratory, near Baldock, has

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been claimed to be the source of bugs used by military intelligence in Northern Ireland. GCHQ and the Foreign Office jointly run the Diplomatic Telecommunications Maintenance Service, based at Hanslop Park near Milton Keynes and in London. DTMS provides both bugging and debugging specialists who regularly check government offices and embassies for bugs. But they also specialise in installing bugs, and have allegedly done this in No 10 Downing Street during Wilson's administration.

Post Office staff are seconded to DTMS for work in Britain and abroad. According to former intelligence officials, members of DTMS or the Post Office's Chelsea tapping centre may instal bugs by posing as Post Office engineers repairing telephone installations. This allegation was also made by a senior official of a Post Office union who explained how, once bugs were installed on a private phone, official records were doctored to ensure that no ordinary engineer visited the premises and discovered the bug. Each telephone line has a 'Fault Card' maintained on it at the local exchange, he explained, which is consulted before an engineer makes any visit. Once a phone installation is used for bugging, the card will be marked 'refer to Special Services'. Special Services is a section in each telephone manager's office which deals with security liaison.

Measuring up the spooks

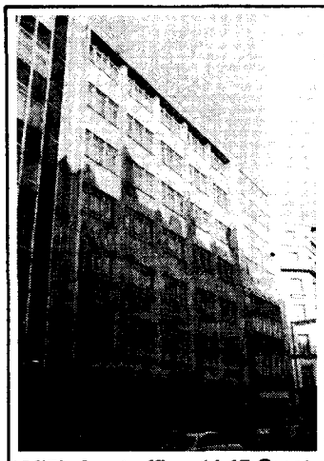
Using 1:1250 Ordnance Survey plans, we calculated the floor space of all the known London offices in use. The grand total is just over 100,000 square metres. The Property Services Agency, which provides and maintains all government offices, say that as a first estimate they allocate 200 square feet (18.4m²) of gross office space per head in London accommodation. The buildings discussed here will therefore accommodate about 5,400 people.

The *Supply Estimates 1979-80* gives the overall salary costs, including superannuation, of each central government department. The security and intelligence services probably offer similar remuneration to the Foreign Office (average cost £9,984 yearly), or the Cabinet Office (£7,350). Even on the lower figure, staff costs alone would not leave much change out of the £40 million 'Secret Vote'.

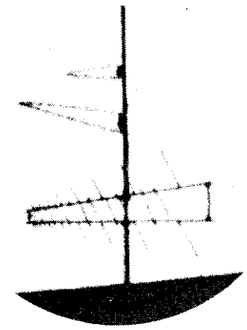
The cost of providing the buildings, met directly by the Property Services Agency, would begin with about £2.3 million in rates. Rents at normal commercial levels would be at least £10 million, but probably more than £15 million (some nice real estate is involved).

Operating costs, of course, only begin with salaries. In the case of the Foreign Office, total costs are about 2.5 times salary cost. For other departments, the ratio is much smaller, but spies hardly come cheaper than diplomats. So long as we have to guesstimate, it seems reasonable to put the costs of MI5 and MI6 together as being rather more than £100 million a year.

GCHQ, which is much bigger than either and has a large network of complex listening posts to maintain, is likely to be more expensive than either. After a lengthy account of its technical capacities (NS 2 February 1979) we estimated that it could not cost less than £200 million. But this total of £300 million for the major identifiable secret departments is still likely to leave out many substantial costs.

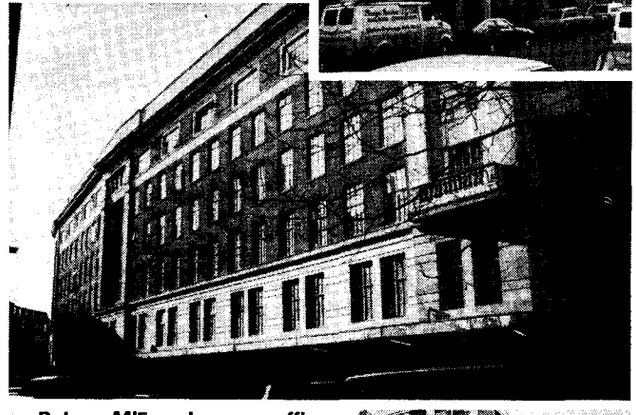


MI5's front office, 14-17 Great Marlborough St, W1.

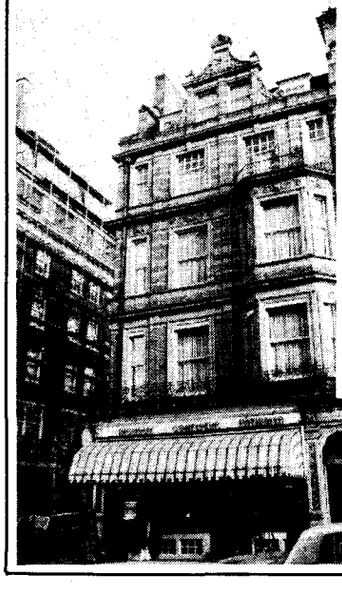


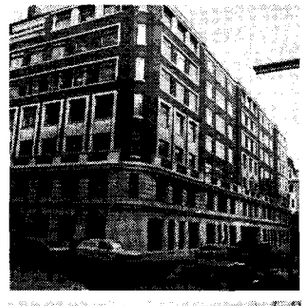
Century House, 100 Westminster Bridge Road, SE1 – the headquarters of the Secret Intelligence Service, MI6; inset, eavesdropping aerials on the roof, directed at London's embassy land.

Above, GCHQ's London Office, 2/8 Palmer St, SW1; right, MI5 centre at 71/72 Grosvenor St, W1.

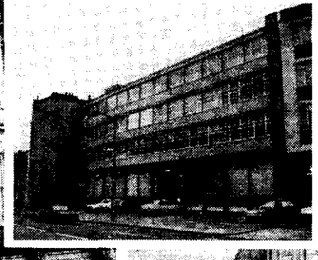


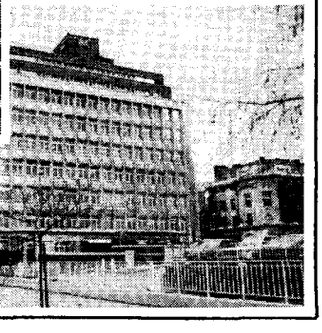
Above, the MI6 'London Station' at 60 Vauxhall Bridge Road, SW1; right, MI5 Headquarters at Curzon Street House, Curzon Street, W1.





Below, MI5 undercover office at 41 South Audley Street, in Mayfair W1; centre, MI6 training centre at 296-302 Borough High Street, SE1; right, MI5's old HQ at Leconfield House, Curzon Street, W1; below right, joint MI5/MI6 offices at 140 Gower Street, WC1.





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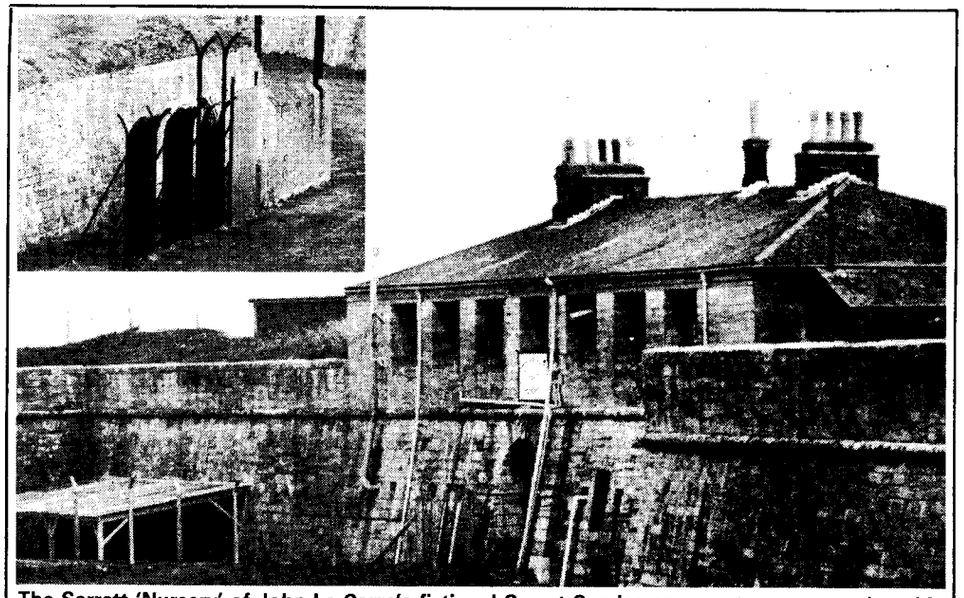

The Sarratt 'Nursery' of John Le Carre's fictional Secret Service appears to correspond to this real life sabotage, demolition and agent training centre: Fort Monkton, at Gosport in Hants. Inset, a variety of British and foreign government security fences are part of the trainees hurdles.

THE MAJOR TARGETS of the British bug teams appear to be political. As revealed by the *Sunday Times* last week, a massive intelligence attack was mounted last autumn against Patriotic Front delegates to the Lancaster House conference. Every surveillance resource was employed to try and monitor the conversations and discussions of Nkomo and Mugabe, at all times. Their Special Branch guards – ostensibly provided for protection – were required to find out about their plans for changing hotels, meeting rooms, and pass on details to the intelligence services. The operation was, according to a senior intelligence source, authorised directly by the Prime Minister and Lord Carrington.

Although the intelligence agencies, by means of monitoring all phone calls, diplomatic communications, and bugging meetings, sought to discover each delegation's strategy, they were hardly even-handed. In order to interpret the African languages and dialects used by the PF delegates, Rhodesian security personnel were directly employed in the operation.

It was not the first time that such methods had been employed against the PF leaders, according to the same sources. Critical meetings during last year's non-aligned conference in Havana were bugged by American agents. The information was then passed to Britain through the international link between GCHQ and the National Security Agency, NSA. On her visit to Washington, Mrs Thatcher made a particular point of thanking President Carter for this technical assistance.

A former intelligence official who has worked at one of London's phone-tapping centres last week described the targets of intelligence bugging and tapping operations:

> Embassies, all of them. . . including the Americans. . . trade union leaders and offices all the time. . . journalists, not very many, we've got enough information from inside. . . shipping companies, they're a very valuable source of information. . . a few MPs . . .

As has been suggested since last week's revelations in the NEW STATESMAN, targets of this surveillance have included Labour ministers such as Judith Hart. Their political aides in the last Labour government, have also had their telephones tapped, one intelligence source stated.

THE EXTENSIVE properties of the intelligence and security services, shown here, are only part of a much larger scene. Of the three main agencies, MI5 (Security Service), MI6 (Secret Intelligence Service), and GCHQ (Government Communications HQ), only MI5 is concentrated in London. Many MI6 personnel are, naturally, based overseas under diplomatic cover. GCHQ's main buildings are in Cheltenham, Gloucestershire, where they occupy considerable premises (see NS 2 February 1979). Most of GCHQ's personnel, and cost, is borne on the Defence budget, and the cost of operating either GCHQ or its overseas UK and overseas monitoring centres is not distinguished in Defence or Foreign Estimates presented to Parliament.

Of the offices shown, nine are currently in use by one or other of the services (one of them, in Great Marlborough Street, is being refurbished). From ordnance survey maps, the floorspace available in each block may be calculated, leading to our estimate of budget and personnel.

The headquarters of MI5 are now at Curzon Street House, Curzon Street, W1. They formerly occupied another block just along the street – Leconfield House, a stone's throw from the Hilton and the Playboy Club. When Leconfield House's owners planned to modernise the block, MI5 resolutely refused to move out.

Curzon Street House is a solid fortress, built as such during the last war, from which they can adequately resist unwelcome pressures for change.

Several other substantial Mayfair properties swell M15's portfolio. No. 71/72 Grosvenor Street, which once housed many of the Security Services' political files, is still in use. Like so many of their offices its cover is blown by contrasting two public directories – a street directory which lists the premises as occupied by MoD (Army), and a civil service directory which fails to mention the place in its MoD (Army) section. A ground floor Estée Lauder cosmetics shop fails to distract attention from obvious government fittings, heavy lace curtains and tight security.

At 41 South Audley Street, W1, a smaller office which lies above a patisserie not far from the US Embassy, MI5's cover appears a little better. Unfortunately, they are not helped by the Post Office, who refer enquiries about their telephone number – cunningly listed in a private name, for once – to 'Special Services'. Callers are told: 'That means it's probably a government department'.

The Service's front office, until it moved to the new HQ (apart from their mystifying postal address of 'Box 500') is at 14-17 Great Marlborough Street, W1, opposite Carnaby St. MI5's legal adviser, who attends trials and meets provincial policemen on their behalf, was based there until recent refurbishing began.

Surveillance of political and 'subversive' activity in the London area is mounted from a number of smaller offices. One such office is the landmark Euston Tower building. The DHSS, who occupy most of the building's first 20 floors (the Post Office have the top half) confirmed last week that the 12th and 16th floors were leased elsewhere. The 16th floor is noticeably surrounded by heavy curtains, unlike the others. Equally noticeable, until last year, was a mysterious high power scrambled radio signal, probably used to keep in touch with official cars. The signal, from a permanently manned communications centre at the very top of the building, causes considerable interference in the vicinity, including to TV and radio studios on the ground floor.

One of MI5's more notorious surveillance offices was a large garage at 1-8 Barnard Road, Battersea. Any secrecy attaching to it was fairly thoroughly blown when two East European 'diplomats' were caught trying to break into it in 1968. All the same, MI5 did not give up using it for another ten years.

Another office block at 26-28 Mount Row, Mayfair appears to be part of the MI5 portfolio. It is listed in local records as central government offices, but the address does not appear in any published civil service directory. A phone book, clearly stamped SECRET, is on display at the building's reception desk. This suggests that the offices are unlikely to belong to any orthodox department of central government (not even the MoD's ordinary internal phone book attracts such high classification).

THE SECRET SERVICE, MI6, has to endure less salubrious facilities. It was banished during the late sixties to Century House, a 20-storey tower block near Waterloo. This is listed publicly as the site of the Foreign Office 'Permanent Under-Secretary's Department', which is the FO's liaison with MI6. Their mail is variously sent to 'Box 850' or to a non-existent Mr G. H. Merrick of the Foreign Office. The third floor of an adjacent annexe houses the service's computer centre.

A variety of training centres meet the personnel requirements of MI6 and a number of foreign secret services. The principal training department is a stroll away at 296-302 Borough High Street, SE1. More colourful subjects – sabotage, demolition and general mayhem-raising – are taught at an undercover establishment in Gosport called Fort Monkton. This centre, in a Napoleonic fort opposite Portsmouth Harbour, sports a fine selection of security fences, in order to broaden the espionage recruit's experience. All are clearly visible from the adjacent golf course.

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One veteran of the Fort Monkton course is the former Norwegian military intelligence agent, Major Sven Blindheim. He told us that he was taught sabotage skills there before being employed by British and US intelligence to train teams of right-wing Finns for operations inside the USSR. (Many of the Finns failed to return, and Blindheim quit the job when he concluded that it was 'illegal'.)

Fort Monkton's secrets are withheld only from the British public. The Russians have been well-informed about it since 1951, when Kim Philby attended a course there. Officially described as an 'Army Training Establishment', it seems to conform fairly closely to the 'Sarratt' training centre in John Le Carré's novels. TV cameras guard the entrance, and track the movements of inquisitive visitors.

ANOTHER UNACKNOWLEDGED department, the Cabinet Office Joint Intelligence Staff provides overall direction for all three secret services. The person in charge (under the Secretary to the Cabinet) is Sir Francis Brooks Richards, Co-ordinator of Intelligence and Security. His position is a powerful one: he need answer only to a few committees of officials, and to the Prime Minister. Inquiries into the Cabinet Committee structure by the NEW STATESMAN in 1978 did not reveal (under Labour) any ministerial committee for the oversight of intelligence and security, although regular reports were – and presumably are – made to the committee handling defence and foreign affairs. Brooks Richards's immediate predecessor was Sir Leonard Hooper, a former director of GCHQ.

The possibility that the intelligence and security services might drift into political 'dirty tricks' has not been lessened by the appointment of an extremely right-wing minister to liaise with the Co-ordinator. Angus Maude, the Paymaster-General, has this role, together with an overt responsiblity for government 'information policy' – bluntly, propaganda. The role has some similarities with that given to George Wigg by Harold Wilson in the sixties. (Maude's job was to have gone to the late Airey Neave.)

MI5 is now run by Sir Howard Trayton Smith, a former ambassador to Moscow and one-time 'British government representative in Northern Ireland'. Since the British Government does not need diplomatic representation in Northern Ireland, this may be read as a euphemism for the security co-ordination job now publicly assigned to Sir Maurice Oldfield, former director of MI6.

Sir Arthur ('Dickie') Franks, reputedly a hard-liner with Thatcherite ideas, now runs MI6. Formerly he was deputy to Oldfield, who was regarded by the standards of the intelligence world as something of a liberal. Dr Brian Tovey, a tall, bespectacled scientist, heads GCHQ.

WHAT HOPE IS THERE that sovereignty over all these lush but shadowy empires might be returned to Parliament? In the short term, not much. Curiously, the fact that almost every penny of secret-service expenditure was until recently illegal has come to light only as part of the attempt to reassert Parliamentary authority. Robin Cook MP, who is introducing later this month a Bill to legalise M15 and make it accountable, has unearthed the formidable Civil List and Secret Service Act of 1782, which prohibited the government from spending more than £10,000 a year on secret service. This Act was only repealed in 1977, after nearly two centuries of illegal overspending.

In legalising M15, Cook's Bill would make its Director-General report to Parliament. It will unquestionably fall because the government whips object. But the move does reinject into our culture the idea that parliamentary democracy might be something more than a phrase to be mouthed while the security agencies pursue their own vision of what 'national security' consists of.

Just now, MI5 is authorised to withhold any details of its activities from ministers, let alone Parliament, unless it considers they have a 'need to know'. That, of course, is a charter for writing your own cheques, taking over any premises you fancy, phone-tapping, bugging and generally snooping on any sections of the population who don't share the Cabinet Office view of life.

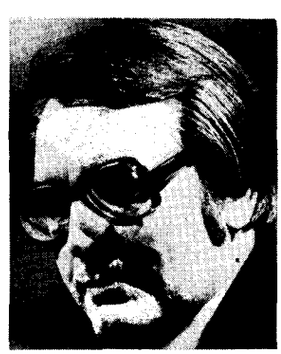
The Labour Party's Home Affairs Study Group on the intelligence services has finally got under way after Tony Benn's much-publicised initiative of a year ago. In the past Labour has never tackled the issue really seriously, and certainly has not taken advantage of its periods of office to submit the secret agencies to any democratic oversight. But the realisation may be spreading that the new technologies of surveillance make the challenge genuinely urgent: that unless they are legally defended, our traditional liberties will not long survive.

NEXT WEEK

The NEW STATESMAN's inquiry into the security state is continuing through this month. Next: Corruption and accountability in the operations of Britain's intelligence services.

"It's for you to decide"

says Llew Gardner.



"On Tuesday 12 February at 11.40 pm, I'll be chairing a television debate at the Ironmongers' Hall in the City of London.
Nicholas Scott MP will propose the motion that **"Conservative Industrial Relations Work."**
He'll be opposed by the Rt Hon Eric Varley MP.

They're both experts. Nicholas Scott was formerly Under Secretary of State for Employment, while Eric Varley, Secretary of State for Employment in the last Labour government, is now opposition spokesman on employment.
When they've finished speaking, I'll open the floor to contributions from the audience, unionists and employers with practical experience of the problems of industrial relations.

But the results of the debate will be in your hands. Industrial relations is an important subject, and we would like to know what you think. So we're asking you, the viewers, to cast your votes for or against the motion. We'll announce the result on our next programme.
Because when the chips are down, it is your views which matter."

THAMES DEBATE
"Conservative Industrial Relations Work"
Tuesday 12 February at 11.40 pm on Thames

Send your vote to:
Llew Gardner,
Thames Debate,
Thames Television,
306 Euston Road,
London NW1 3BB.

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The bureaucrats take over

CHRISTOPHER HIRD and FRANCIS WHEEN argue that the government does not really wish to eliminate 'waste' from local authorities – it wants to eliminate local authorities themselves

> Our local government system has been extravagant in the time which is occupied in its administration, extravagant in the men needed to administer its affairs and extravagant in the cost of that administration.

ONLY THE elegant, if slightly archaic, cadences betray the fact that this quotation does not come from the Tory party election manifesto, 1979, or a recent speech by the environment minister Michael Heseltine. The speaker was, in fact, the President of the Local Government Board, introducing the Local Government (England and Wales) Bill in 1893. It is a remark worth recalling as the rate demands, incorporating massive increases, flutter through our letter boxes. It highlights an essential tension in the provision of local authority services. Inspired by a mixture of Victorian paternalism, 'civic pride' and, overwhelmingly, a desire to secure a supply of healthy, reasonably fed and happy workers (through public health improvements and house building), local authorities were designed to serve the interests of local business. Over the years their role has changed so that, to a much greater extent, local authorities have been redistributive agents, one of the means by which workers have been able to secure better housing, care for the elderly, leisure facilities such as parks and swimming baths. Recently some councils – by financing law centres, housing aid centres and so on – have helped in some small way to equip people to deal with the inaccessible bureaucracies and institutions of the public and private sector.

The cuts which the government are imposing on local authorities' spending are, of course, an integral part of its attack on public spending. The NEW STATESMAN has argued on several occasions that the effectiveness of such a policy as a means of rejuvenating the British economy is, at very best, not proven.[1] But the local authorities are taking a disproportionate share of the cuts. The immediate reasons for this are specifically technical; the underlying thinking, political and ideological. Immediately, the cuts are so severe because the government, in calculating the Rate Support Grant, have assumed a rate of inflation way below the current rate. As this was done in November last year, it can only have been deliberate. The position is made worse in the cities (as Jeremy Bugler explains on page 200) because the government are switching the bias of their financial aid away from the inner cities towards the shires.

Politically, the appeal of cutting at the local authority level is that it deflects attention way from central government. Voters are much more likely to blame the council for a deterioration in local services or big rate increases than to blame central government. Ideologically, local authorities operate mainly in those areas from which ordinary people benefit and the services are generally financed on a mildly redistributive basis or by the public sector taking over areas which used to be the preserve of the private sector – the finance of housing and building works for instance. For a government committed to rolling back the activities of the state local authorities are therefore an obvious target.

A DECADE OR SO ago such a policy would have been unthinkable. But today it is justified on the grounds that there is considerable waste in local authorities – a proposition which commands widespread popular support because people can see it with their own eyes and many people who have had to deal with a council's housing departments, for example, have little to be thankful for. The Labour Party must take a large part of the blame for this, for not explaining and defending local authorities and for not finding ways of making them more accountable and acceptable.

That said, local authorities are at a particular disadvantage. There is no doubt that there is waste, extravagance and inefficiency; any large organisation, including those in the private sector, is likely to display such features. Any industrial worker or manager can provide stories of waste and inefficiency, but these examples are not as conspicuously on view as, say, empty houses or unemptied rubbish bins. Nor is there much evidence that the market place exerts a discipline over waste within companies. Careful reading of the reports of the last two years of the Price Commission, for instance, reveals a corporate sector rich in examples of operational inefficiency and rising head office overheads, but rising profits; little price competition in oligopolistic industries where one producer acted as the price leader; declining productivity in healthy industries because of the low investment, and so on. Anecdotally, as any journalist knows, private sector companies are, almost without exception, generous and lavish entertainers.

However, the belief in the market as the most effective guarantee of efficiency is deeply ingrained, but local authorities are not businesses. Even more reason therefore why attempts should be made to judge their performance – both on their cost and, importantly, on the quality of their output – in an appropriate manner. Significantly, it is only within the last five years that the Certified Institute of Public Finance and Accountancy – the local council Treasurers' organisation – has started to produce detailed comparative measures of efficiency, showing for instance the cost of rate collection, the cost of housing maintenance and management, the cost of various sorts of social service.

Such statistics need interpreting with care. The age of housing stock affects costs of maintenance, the costs of dustbin collection are affected by the division between commercial and domestic rate payers. Some costs are affected by the wealth and size of the local population. Also, generally they only measure input costs, not the quality of the service produced. It is, for instance, clear that the cheapest dustbin service is one which involves ratepayers putting their own bins out; it is not so clear that ratepayers would put up with it. Interestingly, very little work has been done in this area and the 'Value for Money' study of Cheshire County Council, carried out by PA Management Consultants last year on behalf of the CBI, concentrated on the input side.

Furthermore, concentration on such efficiency measures itself accepts without challenge certain key features of local authority organisation and funding. Crucially, it ignores the role of interest payments. Socialists and a political party which, on occasions, claims some socialist credentials, might reasonably question the basis on which local authority finance rests: ensuring a risk-free return for capital, albeit capital institutionalised in pension funds and insurance companies. That little has been heard on such matters from the Labour Party is deeply depressing.

Despite these major reservations, the CIPFA ratios may be a useful starting point for anyone interested in rooting out waste. The detailed examination that they and other individual borough studies[2] produce, tends to show that there are changes which can be made; for example, to speed up conversion work on housing, reduce building costs, shorten the time it takes for council departments to answer tenants' and ratepayers' letters and so on. Such changes – if achieved without unacceptable deterioration in service – are clearly in the interests of both ratepayers – they save money – and consumers – they improve the service: no homeless family will thank a council for keeping houses empty.

However, saving money in this way demands detailed and painstaking work: such savings will be made by looking at how an organisation operates, not by indiscriminate slashing of budgets. All the evidence on this suggests that the Tories are not serious about tackling waste. Heseltine's first act on taking office was to freeze all local authority recruitment. This was perhaps the one act guaranteed to create an atmosphere in which it would be difficult to make changes; moreover, as Jeremy Bugler shows overleaf, it merely causes the 'front line troops' to disappear, while the bureaucrats (whose turnover is comparatively low) stay put.

The Tories' propagandist approach to waste and their opposition to public authorities *per se* is highlighted by their attitude towards local authorities' relationship with the private sector. They are keen that refuse collection and property ownership should be handed over to the private sector; they are equally keen that no council department should be allowed to operate in that sector. On the one hand this means that certain capital assets (such as school kitchens) and labour forces (such as direct labour organisations) are underused and thus wasted. On the other hand, it makes it nigh on impossible for local authorities to deal with potential areas of overstaffing by offering alternative employment within other council departments.

FIRM EVIDENCE of *widespread* waste in local authorities is, then, scarce but the waste that undoubtedly exists takes patience and time to eliminate – if it is to be done without throwing people out of a job or scrapping

[1] See NS 26 October 1979, pg 614; 9 November 1979 pg 712; 23 November 1979, pg 793.

[2] See for instance, *Local authorities can cut costs*, Mahlon Apgar, Local Government Chronicle, 8 August 1975 (note date) and Jeremy Bugler on Southwark, page 200.

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The combatants: in the blue corner, Michael Heseltine; in the red, Ted Knight, leader of Lambeth Council.

valued services. Because councils refuse to do that, rates are going up.

But, of course, attacks on waste and profligacy are often in reality not attacks on the way in which policies are being pursued but on the policies themselves. And to deal with this the Tories are introducing a major change in the system of local government finance.

The objective of this change was set out by Michael Heseltine on 16 January:

> The majority of authorities are responsible and will respond to the government's expenditure policies . . . I have a responsibility to those authorities that comply with the government's policy. I should protect them from the irresponsible minority.

How will he do this? From 1981-2 onwards, he will use a new 'block grant', of which more later. For the coming year, 1980-81, he was unable to pass legislation in time, and was thus forced to use the current system, which is as follows. The Rate Support Grant (RSG), central government's contribution to local authorities' current spending, at the moment comprises 61 per cent of their income – most of the rest comes in rates. The RSG is made up of three parts: the domestic element, which is a straightforward subsidy to domestic ratepayers; the resources element, which is intended to compensate local authorities for variations in rateable resources from area to area; and the needs element, which is supposed to compensate councils with high needs (a large number of one-parent families, for example). As Heseltine himself put it: 'This equalisation should leave all authorities with the same amount of expenditure per head of population.' He added – oddly, one might think, for a Conservative – that this redistributive objective 'is, in my view, correct and I have no plans to change it. It is the means which I believe to be wrong.'

For 1980-81 the RSG was based on the current system, with the needs element being calculated by a complicated multiple regression formula, and the result was announced on 16 November. However, part of the RSG is not announced until a year after the original settlement: this is the Increase Order, designed to compensate local authorities for pay and price increases during the course of the year, and it is subject to a cash limit. When setting the cash limit last November, Heseltine made the absurd assumption of pay and price rises of a maximum of 13 per cent.

This limit was in effect an additional cut, since local authority treasurers do not seriously believe that inflation for the next year will be 13 per cent, and must thus find the money for pay and price rises from elsewhere – i.e. by taking money from council programmes. However, the real sting in Heseltine's cash limit is that he has decided to use it as a weapon against what he sees as 'profligate' councils – principally boroughs with high needs, such as Lambeth and Camden. He has announced that the Standard Rate Poundage (which is a central feature of the new block grant system) will come into force this year rather than next: he has decreed that local authorities shall set a rate of around 119 pence in the pound: councils which set a rate rather higher than this 'Heseltine line' will be penalised by having part of their Increase Order withheld next November – which will, of course, force them to raise their rates still higher to make up for it. One says 'around 119 pence' because Heseltine has indicated that there will be a threshold above 119p within which local authorities will not be penalised, but he will not decide where this threshold should be until all councils have completed their budgeting and set their rates for 1980-81. In other words a council which sets a rate of, say, 125 pence in the pound may escape Heseltine's wrath, or may not; but it has no way of knowing this until *after* it has set the rate – by which time it's too late. The reasoning behind Heseltine's decision is purely political: he has a 'hit list' of certain Labour controlled authorities which he wishes to punish – most notably Lambeth. When he sees the league tables of rates for next year he can set the threshold at a level whereby most councils will be safe but Lambeth and some others will fall outside it: he can then hit them.

This is an extraordinary and tyrannical action, and it is interesting that Tory constitutionalists, or indeed Tories with any moral sense, have not felt inspired to protest. It is as if a government was to say: We have passed laws forbidding certain activities, but we shan't tell you what they are; you can thus have no way of knowing whether you are breaking the law until you do it; at that stage you will discover, because you will be punished. As Tony Travers of the Centre for Institutional Studies said in a recent paper:

> This overlap of the existing system and the block grant will be wholly incomprehensible and artificial. It is being used by the government in an attempt to bully a handful of authorities, which in its view overspend, into compliance with guidelines about cuts. Decisions will be crude and largely in the hands of the few civil servants who understand both systems.

Heseltine's arrangements for 1980-81 are, however, merely an aperitif for what will happen from 1981 onwards, when the block grant comes into operation.

THE NEW GRANT is almost as mathematically complicated as the current one – which is rather odd in the light of Heseltine's claim that the block grant 'will be much easier for the wider public to understand' – but the central difference between the two systems is relatively simple. The multiple regression formula which is at present used to assess local authorities' needs includes in its calculations previous spending patterns. Heseltine's claim that 'grant is distributed on an assessment methodology which assumes that actual expenditure equals need' is an absurd oversimplification of the process, but it is nevertheless true that authorities which have in previous years had high levels of spending will tend to receive a larger share of the grant than those who have not found it necessary to spend much. (Heseltine appears to think that 'high spending' and 'waste' are synonymous, although there is no evidence whatsoever for this: as is shown by the figures for houses which lack basic amenities, most high-spending authorities have needs on a wholly different scale from those of other councils.)

Under the new grant system, assessment of need will take no account of what an authority has found it necessary to spend in the past. Indeed it is doubtful whether the new system will assess need at all. Since it is supposed to combine the needs and resources elements of the present grant, it will have various other figures thrown into the calculation. But its central feature will be that it will tell local authorities what they ought to spend on each service they provide (and, presumably, expect them somehow to change their needs accordingly) instead of looking at their needs and adjusting central grants accordingly.

Once Whitehall has decided on local authorities' prescribed standard expenditure each year, it will deduct from this total the income they would receive from their ratepayers if they levied a standard rate (which, once again, will be prescribed by Whitehall). The difference will be made up by grant. If a council decides that it knows its needs better than Whitehall, and that it needs to spend more than the standard expenditure, it will find that government grant support will fall off rapidly on any expenditure above what Whitehall has decreed, and soon the extra spending will have to be met entirely by rates.

The Department of the Environment Grants Working Group, which is now working out the details of the block grant, has produced a table to illustrate how the system might work: if an authority decides to spend 25 per cent more than the government norm, it will have to introduce a 50 per cent increase to finance this 25 per cent, because of the falling-off of government support. But it works both ways: if an authority chooses to spend only 80 per cent of its standard expenditure, its rate would have to be only 70 per cent of the standard rate. In the words of Michael Cowan, a Labour councillor and an expert on Rate Support Grant, 'the whole machinery is designed to encourage spending below what the government publicly admits to being right' – which is an interesting logic, since it emphasises the point that Heseltine is not really interested in seeing local government serve the needs of its constituents but is simply looking for ways of winding up local government altogether. As Tony Travers says:

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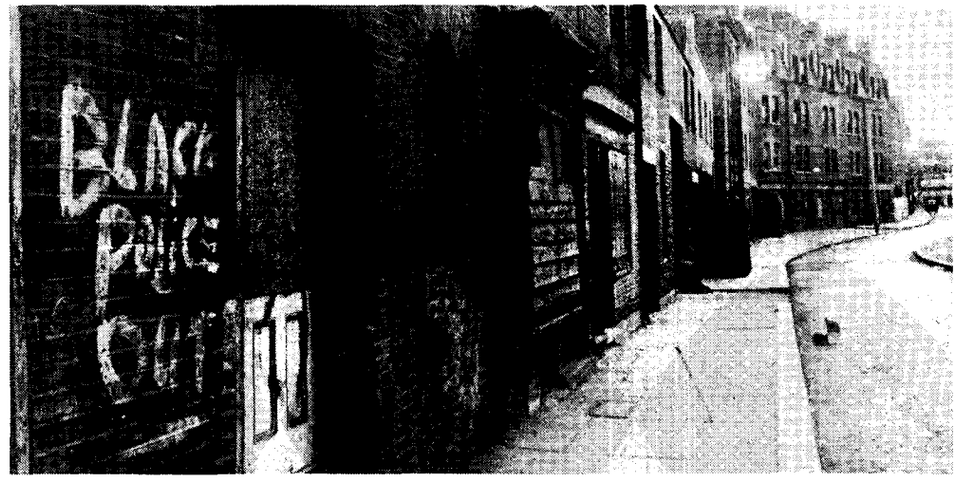
> Block grant will end democratic local government. Responsibilities which have traditionally been given by Parliament to elected local representatives will be removed. Explicit government judgments are to be made for the first time about what authorities should spend on each service and in total. It is heavily ironic that a Conservative government pledged to increasing local freedom should be the one finally to make local authorities into agents of central departments.

A further irony is that heseltine's *bête noire,* Lambeth council, may not be the worst victim of the new system: indeed Heseltine's dream of stamping on Ted Knight and his ilk may yet go disastrously wrong. The general effect of the block grant is that councils which wish to spend more than what the government proposes will have to raise their rates by enormous percentages. For many authorities this is clearly not even an option: they dare not increase their rates excessively. However, if anyone can leap over the Heseltine line it is probably a borough such as Lambeth. 38 per cent of Lambeth's rate income comes from commercial ratepayers: the Shell Centre alone provides £3.2 million – 5·6 per cent of the council's total rate income. Furthermore, many of Lambeth's domestic ratepayers are entitled to rate rebates (and the higher the rates go, the greater the numbers who will qualify); 90 per cent of the cost of these rebates is met by central government. (A similar dynamic is at work in housing, where rent increases raise the demand for rent rebates.) Thus if anyone can get away with huge rate rises to maintain a high level of spending, without bankrupting its domestic ratepayers (i.e. its electorate), it is probably Lambeth. This cannot be what Heseltine intends, and it may yet not turn out to be so. But if it does happen there should be no doubt about where the responsibility lies. Michael Heseltine has made it clear that the Tories hate local government. It is for that reason alone that they are making it bear such a disproportionate burden in the present round of spending cuts. And it is for that reason, pre-eminently, that the rates are going up.

LOCAL GOVERNMENT – 2

Death-throes of the Inner City

Are inner London boroughs really profligate or do they need all the money they can get? JEREMY BUGLER looks at the facts.



Camera Press

LONDON'S LOCAL authorities are now making up their minds about the rate increases that will come into effect in April. Whopping is the word for them: Haringey Council are thought to be looking at 70 per cent; the right-wing social democrats of Southwark at 50 per cent; the centre moderates of Lewisham at around the same figure; Camden and Islington at between 30 and 40 per cent. That Something Unusual is going on is demonstrated by the example of Wandsworth, the only borough with a complete inner-London profile of impoverishment and decay which is controlled by the Tories. In 1978 a group of young Thatcherite lawyers came to power on a no-rates-increase platform. They caught the eye of Michael Heseltine who a year ago said:

> The spectacular Conservative controlled authority at Wandsworth will peg the rate. Others, like wildly extravagant Labour authorities, will heap 40 per cent increases on their hapless ratepayers.

This spring there are reports that Wandsworth will increase its rates by about 40 per cent, although when it comes to the rate fixing next month they may be able to avoid this by a 33 per cent increase in rents (which will then be, on average, £11.95 – way above the national average and 85 per cent higher than two years ago) and by further cuts in services. But even such measures will not avert a significant increase.

One way to understand how this has happened is to look at how one borough was pressurised into its rates increase. Lewisham is a fair example: a borough led by moderate Labour councillors, with a slice of severe inner city deprivation in Deptford, some typical decay in areas like Catford and Brockley and some better-off territory in Sydenham. It is low in rates income, having little commerce and industry. This year the council will spend something like £76 million, of which £37 million will be financed by the general rate. One sixth of the borough's 240,000 people are over 65 years old, compared with less than a seventh in the population as a whole; there are 9,000 single parent families (a third more than the national average); infant mortality is two points higher than the national average. On this crude measure of efficiency Lewisham doesn't appear wasteful: at least eleven other London authorities – including some Tory-controlled – spend more collecting their rates (measured by costs per 100 assessments); their housing maintenance costs fall in the middle of the range for the Greater London area, on comparable houses and flats, and figures due to be published later this year will show Lewisham to be one of the more efficient collectors of rubbish.

NEXT YEAR LEWISHAM's rate is likely to rise by over 50 per cent. The arithmetic is shown in the box. For a start, Lewisham, like all the London boroughs, has to bear the precepts levied upon it by the Greater London Council, the Inner London Education Authority and the Metropolitan Police. These precepts have not yet been announced, but Lewisham believe that the GLC, including the ILEA, will increase its precept by about 25 per cent – or an additional 15.5p rate poundage (currently Lewisham's general rate is 89p in the £.) The Met, it guesses reasonably, may up its precept by 20 per cent – or 2.11p rate poundage more. So just in its precepts alone, Lewisham has 17.61p on its rate poundage.

Then, like all authorities, Lewisham has commitments to some growth. It has inescapable liabilities, both statutory and contractual, in its capital programme and, for instance, in the Inner Cities Programme. For example, there are building works in progress and building contracts which have been signed; it is legally obliged to care for children 'at risk', homeless families and so on. Lewisham has to allow about £1.1 million for absolutely essential repairs and maintenance on public buildings. It has commitments to grant-aided bodies. It estimates these commitments will cost it a futher £2.5 million in 1980/81.

Much more serious is the effect of inflation on Lewisham's finances. It's serious partly because of one of the most controversial aspects to Michael Heseltine's Rate Support Grant settlement of last autumn: he allowed only 13 per cent for inflation. On calculations done by the Tory-controlled Association of Metropolitan Authorities and others, the rising costs of materials from paper to photocopiers will account for 4 percentage points of this. Thus, Heseltine has allowed only 9 per cent for pay increases.

This is far below what Lewisham needs. First, in common with other local authorities, it has found that wage increases this year – 1979/80 – are going to be much more than expected. In December Lewisham calculated that the effect of 1979 pay deals, including the Clegg Commission comparability awards and backdated London weighting awards, meant that pay deals would cost £8.4 million compared with the £6.7 million budgeted. In addition pay awards agreed since December and the expected awards for 1980/81 will cost £13.5 million more.

It may – it will – be argued that Lewisham should not make awards of this nature. Lewisham's leader, Andy Hawkins, points out that these awards are agreed nationally, after long and complicated negotiations. An individual authority cannot opt out. As he said recently on LWT's *London Programme*, with inflation running at 17 per cent and pay awards in other sectors going at over 20 per cent, Heseltine is being unreal in asking local authority workers to settle at 9 per cent.

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Lewisham: The arithmetic of a rate increase

Higher precepts from the GLC, ILEA, Met. Police		17.6p
Pay Inflation Plus Committed growth = £17.7 million		42.1p
Reduced appropriation from the General Rate Fund balance = £1.4m		3.3p
LESS Rate support Grant (needs element)	16.4p	
Increase:		46.6p
Add General Rate for 79/80		89.0p
Provisional General Rate Poundage for 80-81		135.6p
Less Rate Support Grant Domestic element	18.5p	
Provisional poundage for domestic ratepayers 80/81		117.1p

Heseltine, in short, wants a pay policy for local authority workers that his Government is not prepared to introduce for the rest of the economy. And after the long strikes and chaos of last winter, would any local authority (even if it were possible) want to provoke the same in this winter?

Next, Lewisham needs a contingency to cover any future inflation in 1980/81. Understandably, Lewisham's treasurers are not prepared to gamble on a fall in the inflation rate, and want a bit of leeway. This measure may put 3.3p on the rates. In total these figures show an increase over the current year of 46.6p, equivalent to a 52.4 per cent increase for general (industrial/commercial etc) ratepayers, and 66.1 per cent for domestic.

IN THE EVENT, Lewisham's rate increase will not be quite as big as this. The final outcome partly depends on the size of the increase in council rents. The government wants them put up by £1.50 a week, which would bring the borough in around £2 million. At the moment average weekly rents are about £6.70 and the deficit on the housing revenue account is almost £9 million. This is the borough with one of the lowest, if not *the* lowest, average male wage in London and in which, ten years ago, 25 per cent of the houses lacked all three basic amenities (at that time in the non-metropolitan counties and districts the equivalent figure was 15 per cent).

What is astonishing is both the savings that Lewisham would have to make to reach the Heseltine line (see page 198) and the huge rates increase it would still have to levy even if it did. To get down to the Heseltine line, Lewisham would have to cut about £7 million from its budget. Andy Hawkins argues that if Lewisham closed one library and shut the rest for one evening a week, closed one swimming bath and shut the rest on Sundays, shut its consumer advice centre, ended holidays for its old people in homes, shut its day centres, and luncheon clubs for old people, cut out all decoration of council homes, reduced the roads maintenance budget, Lewisham would save only £2.5 million. To get right down to the Heseltine line, he believes the council would have to do very much more drastic things: close old people's and children's homes, fire social workers, close day centres for the handicapped and mentally ill, cut the housing programme severely.

And if Lewisham did all this butchering? *Its rates increases from next April would still be around 40 per cent.* This suggests that the Government spending cuts which reduce the rate support grant are window-dressing. Instead of an increase in Whitehall public spending, there is an inevitable increase in Town Hall spending, financed through rates increases. This puts a different light on some rhetoric from Tom King, the local Government Minister, when he recently condemned 'municipal marxism' for its effect on ratepayers. King said:

> The price that the town hall Pol Pots will pay for the merciless harassment of small businessmen and middle income families will be economic stagnation and local blight. Not only will their own ratepayers suffer from this stupidity. The whole of local government and the national economy will suffer too from the raids of these urban guerrillas.'

Tom King is known to have had in mind Sheffield (contemplating a 49 per cent increase) and Lambeth (looking at 56 per cent). Both councils are, at the moment, refusing to cut. Sheffield will increase its spending from £141 million in the current financial year to £175 million in 80/81. Lambeth's goes up from £82.5 million to £92 million. Even Labour councillors will privately admit that the borough is not known for running a tight ship. The District Auditor complained about the amount Lambeth spent in housing repairs and its rent arrears: at times more than £3 million, among the highest in London. In its defence, Lambeth pointed out that a large amount of this was accounted for by the DHSS – who pay rent on behalf of claimants quarterly in a lump sum. Lambeth has had a large number of homes (up to 4,000) lying empty, losing income. For the Conservatives, certainly, Lambeth is the prototypical profligate socialist borough. 'Lambeth is an atrocious landlord' said Bill Shelton, Tory MP for Streatham, in the south part of the borough, in the House recently. (His measure of this was that rents had not been raised since 1977.) Raging against Lambeth waste, Shelton pointed out that among the groups connected to a publicly funded centre in Lambeth were Vegetarians against the Nazis and Under Fives against Fascism: cost to the rates can be measured to decimal points of a penny.

But even Lambeth's rates too, like Lewisham's, are plainly under pressure, from a number of forces outside the control of leader Ted Knight. The precepts alone may add 19 per cent on the rates. Inflation on wages and prices could add 30 per cent. Supposing Lambeth were to fall to cost-cutting Tories, how much of a rates increase could they save this year? Suppose they cut all the growth in the housing revenue account (a very optimistic assumption) they might cut 11 percentage points off the rate increase. They would, of course, aim to cut the payroll, and stem that increase in wage costs. But as LWT's *Weekend World* demonstrated, using the example of Leeds, when jobs are cut in a sudden purge, it's often the wrong jobs that are lost. Leeds had cut 1,600 jobs before Mrs Thatcher came to power. But in Leeds education department it was the teaching posts that went, 325 jobs being axed. Experience shows that it is easier to fire front-line troops than bureaucrats. In local government in particular, the bureaucrat posts are usually much better protected than, say, the blue collar jobs, and turnover in them is much slower. Natural wastage can be positively unnatural, so long do white collars stick at their posts.

A Tory purge at Lambeth might at the maximum be estimated to cut 20 per cent off the rates increase. That would still leave it at 36 per cent up, and without much doubt, many of the services would suffer major impairment. Southwark, just across the Lambeth border, recently did an exercise to save on its budget. Some useful savings emerged: £175,000 could be saved by reorganising the refuse collection, mainly through lower running costs and voluntary redundancies. Sometimes delay in filling posts appeared to have a marginal effect on services.

But in the search for 5 per cent savings valuable services that make life more tolerable in one of the less salubrious parts of London soon began to get hit.

Swimming pools faced closure, parks were threatened by policies that would make them shabby and depressing. Worse still, service in both parks and children's homes would have been markedly affected. In other words, Southwark appeared to have only a thin layer of fat if it was called upon to make sudden savings. As a great swathe of London prepares for new high rates increases, it is legitimate to ask of Tom King: who is the Pol Pot now? Too many boroughs are being forced into high rate increases for the Government to be able to argue that its rate support grant was adequate.

Furthermore, as far as London is concerned, it is feeling the effects of Heseltine delivering an election promise to shift the RSG away from inner London and towards the (Tory) shires. In making this move Heseltine has reversed a trend aimed at helping the inner cities. In 1974/5 London received 17.57 per cent of the Needs element of the RSG. By 1979/80 this had been increased to 22 per cent as the shire counties' share fell from 57.55 per cent to 51.62 per cent. In 1980/81 the proportions will be 21.59 per cent and 52 per cent.

It is hard to justify this change of policy on grounds of need. The inner cities have much worse housing and unemployment problems than the shires. But the rates are much higher: the average annual domestic rate in the inner London boroughs is just over £202 a year (with the highest at £311), compared with, for example, less than £70 in Dyfed. The inner cities are likely to be a particular casualty of the new approach to local government. This will reduce their attraction to provate employers on whom – in Tory folklore – the regeneration of these areas rests. The London Transport system suffering from a series of chronic problems, an unspeakably uncomfortable British Rail commuter service (both made worse by government spending cuts) and a decaying housing stock, are not the infrastructure for industrial regeneration.

" THE ABSORPTION OF YOUTH IN THE 1980's"

AIESEC, the International Association of Economics and Business Students are running a seminar on this current problem on 1st & 2nd April 1980, in Birmingham.

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IRAN
Dilip Hiro

There's more to Iranian affairs than the American hostages

One year of the Revolution

AS IRAN PREPARES to celebrate the first anniversary of the Islamic revolution next Tuesday, its leaders feel self-congratulatory. They have consolidated national independence; loosened up military, economic, and cultural ties with the West; strengthened Islamic links with the non-Western states; and created new Islamic social, economic, and political institutions, while according varying degrees of tolerance to the post-revolutionary, non-Islamic organisations.

Now, the revolutionary regime intends a drive for economic independence. Dr Ibrahim Yazdi, a close aide of Khomeini and former foreign minister, is a leading proponent of this tactic. 'The campaign against the American embassy has helped us create strong sentiment against foreign domination,' he said. 'If this campaign just ends with the deportation of the Americans, it'll be a disaster. It must be carried further, in the direction of reconstructing our foreign-dominated economy.'

The radicals among the leadership would welcome an economic blockade by America and its allies. This would accelerate the disengagement of Iran from its economic ties with the West. Imports from the 13 Western countries of the Organisation for Economic Co-operation and Development (OECD) have fallen by 75 per cent in the year. Currently, imports are running at the rate of $12 billion a year while income from oil exports is steady around $25 billion.

Tehran has been diversifying its sources of food imports, which now include not only Australia and Argentina but also Pakistan (for onions), Thailand (for rice), and Romania (for eggs). 'We already have barter trade agreements with several socialist countries such as the Soviet Union, Czechoslovakia, Poland, Romania, and Hungary,' said Cyrus Ibrahim-Zadeh, deputy finance minister. 'Recently, Yugoslavia, Hungary, and Romania approached us for greater economic cooperation. We'll soon begin importing from them those goods that were previously supplied by the West.' Trade with the Eastern bloc is all the easier because of the road and rail links with the Soviet Union, which are already being used more than ever before.

THE INTERNAL economy too has undergone changes, mainly due to the flight of the Shah and his family – and the First and Second Circles around the royal house – who between them controlled a substantial part of the economy. The Shah's Pahlavi Foundation alone owned 20 per cent of the total private assets in the country. It was for the purpose of consolidating these huge fortunes of the super-elite that the revolutionary regime set up the Mostazafin Foundation (i.e., Fund for the Needy).

The departure of some 225,000 super-rich and upper middle-class people from Tehran has been catastrophic for the four- and five-star hotels, expensive restaurants, and the sale and construction of luxury housing. A year of revolutionary agitation, followed by another year of political and economic uncertainty, has brought construction activity to a virtual halt, throwing people out of work.

Educated guesses put the figure for the unemployed at 2.5 to 3 million out of a workforce of 10.5 million. The figure is rising, as the revolutionary government refuses to rescind its decision to stop further recruitment into the civil service, and educated youths continue to enter the job market.

The return of the construction workers to their native villages is seen by the regime as a blessing in disguise. It is expected to revive agriculture, which suffered due to the massive outflow of labour into the cities over the past decade. The upturn in agricultural production will of course take some years to materialise. So too will the upturn in industrial production, which is down due primarily to faltering management, caused by the flight of thousands of factory proprietors and top managers.

President Abol Hassan Bani-Sadr. *Popperfoto*

A side-effect of the weakened management in industry has been the virtual collapse of the pre-revolutionary trade unions, since they were nothing more than management-appointed bodies. In their place have arisen the Workers' Councils, often set up at the behest of the local Committee for Islamic Revolution, and thus dominated by the Islamic elements. For them, the Workers' Councils are sanctified by the Koranic verse which recommends consensus in running an organisation – directly in contrast to the situation in Saudi Arabia, where trade unions are banned.

While the Workers' Councils evolved slowly after the revolution, the Committees for Islamic Revolution sprang up almost overnight at the time of the revolution a year ago. Led by the local merchants and mullahs, they faithfully reflect the petty bourgeois nature of the Iranian revolution. They are the eyes and ears of the regime as well as its chief mobilisers of popular support. It is the local Committees that have organised the numerous mammoth marches past the American embassy.

Failing to find a well-defined niche for the Committees in the state set-up, and responding to the growing complaints about the corruption seeping into their leadership, the ruling Revolutionary Council decided last month to gradually merge them with the Pasdarans, the Islamic Revolutionary Guards. Like the Committees, the Pasdarans – armed militiamen in battle fatigues and Castro caps – too are a product of the revolution. They are now more numerous and powerful than the police – discredited for their repressive role during the Shah's regime. From a modest start, the Pasdarans, drawn mainly from the working and lower middle classes, have been built up to 27,000 with plans to double their strength.

Their head, Ayatollah Sayed Ali Khamenei, is one of the five founder-leaders of the Islamic Republican Party (IRP), the official party of the regime, set up within weeks of the revolution, whose programme pointedly states that the army is to be used only for the defence of the country, and not as an instrument of repression of the nation. The programme commits the party to work for the purging of all the signs of dictatorship and colonialism – political, economic and cultural – and guaranteeing civil liberties and freedom of expression and association.

THE IRP DERIVES its inspiration from the Koran, but wide differences exist in the interpretation and application of Koranic principles. One such subject is the relationship between the ruler and the ruled. 'In our view the ruler must serve the masses, must respect human rights,' said Ayatollah Mohammed Beheshti, a founder-leader of the IRP, and the secretary-general of the Revolutionary Council. 'When the rulers become self-serving, they must be overthrown. This is a principle of Islam, according to Shia interpretation, which is shared by most of the Sunni Progressives.' Many of the party ideologues consider the ruling elite of Saudi Arabia as 'self-serving'. Its corrupt and authoritarian ways, and its policy of reckless extraction of oil to satisfy the needs of the imperialist America – all these are regarded as un-Islamic.

Passing such a judgment is not an academic exercise for the IRP, which visualises an international role for itself. Last month's international conference on national liberation struggles, which it sponsored, brought delegates from 19 countries, including Saudi Arabia. Its spacious office in south-eastern Tehran is stacked with literature in Arabic, Urdu, Bengali, and English. 'The IRP wants Iran to become the leader of the Islamic world, and lead both the Islamic revival and the anti-imperialist struggle,' said Hamid Nazari, editor of *The Iranian*, 'It is opposed to Washington, because it considers America to be the prime source of moral and material corruption, and the prime exploiter of the world's Muslims, and other oppressed peoples.'

The anti-imperialist thrust of Iran's revolutionary regime has nothing to do with class analysis, national or international. In fact – to quote Dr Rajaei – Islamic analysis takes no note of the socio-economic status of man. The objective of the Islamic revolution is to create a *towheedi* society, a society where individuals are in unity with God.

The ideology of Iran's Islamic revolution is thus at variance with Marxism. It is precisely this fact – and the immense popularity of Khomeini, across the Gulf, as a towering Islamic figure who leads a spartan life – that poses a mortal threat to the rulers of the Gulf states. Well versed as these regimes are in labelling anything radical as 'atheistic Marxism' and then denouncing it viciously and effectively, they are for once lost – not knowing how to tackle this attack on their legitimacy from the democratic, republican school of Islamic fundamentalism.

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In Iran, however, there is one party within the Islamic stream – the Mojahdeen Khalq – which seeks to synthesise Islam with socialism by aiming to create a '*towheedi*, classless society': *towheedi* in spiritual terms, and classless in materialist ones. The Mojahdeens believe that following Islamic economics will lead to socialism. They argue that the only claim man can lay on enjoyment of things is on the basis of labour he has put into transforming God-given natural resources into things of value; and therefore only those who labour are entitled to enjoy things. The similarity of this argument with Marx's labour theory of value has led some commentators to label the Mojahdeens as 'Islamic Marxists'.

Among those who subscribe to this egalitarian view of Islam is President Bani-Sadr, an Islamic economist, who, as the finance minister, abolished interest in the country's banking system, and was the major force behind the regime's decision to nationalise banking and insurance last summer. Part of the reason for Bani-Sadr's overwhelming victory in last month's presidential election was the fact that, after their leader Masoud Rajavi had been disqualified as a candidate, the Mojahdeens voted en bloc for Bani-Sadr.

Ironically, while Rajavi, a leader of a semi-Islamic group, had failed to endorse the new constitution, which gives the clergy power to veto un-Islamic legislation (the ground for his subsequent disqualification in the presidential poll), the leaders of the secular, pro-Moscow Tudeh Party had backed the constitution to the full. Aware of the blunder made by them, in the early 1950s, of not supporting the popular, nationalist leader Mohammed Mossadeq, the Tudeh leaders seem determined not to miss out on backing the charismatic Khomeini.

The Fedayeen Khalq, another Marxist-Leninist party, formed in the late 1960s, is much less inhibited by its history. Opposed to the Islamic constitution, it refuses either to accept Khomeini as the supreme national leader, or to renounce its view that only an armed struggle will usher in the socialist revolution. The party is therefore the prime target of attacks by the right-wing elements of the IRP, popularly known as the *Hizbullahis*.

The *Hizbullahis* are the rabidly anti-leftist bullyboys who specialise in calling all those left of the IRP 'doublefaced'; deserving nothing less than 'death'. Last summer when tempers were high in Tehran, around the issue of Kurdistan (a stronghold of the leftists) they went on a rampage against leftists of all hues. They ransacked their bookshops and offices and closed down their newspapers. This created a popular revulsion against them. Their fascistic behaviour was eerily reminiscent of the days of the Shah. To a people who fought as hard and long as the Iranians did to overthrow a dictatorship, freedom of expression and association means a lot. In ordinary conversations, the term *azadi* (freedom) occurs as frequently as *inqilab* (revolution). A plump housewife, in skirt and blouse, sharing a taxi with me and three other men, in Tehran, summed it up neatly: 'We fought for the revolution to gain freedom.'

Whatever the outcome of the parliamentary elections, the fact remains that in one year the Iranian people have exercised their new-found franchise five times: on monarchy/republic, local government, constitution, president and parliament. This must certainly be a world record. And they have done so against the background of unremitting 'Free World' hostility.

Hanoi Notebook

Anthony Barnett

BY NIGHT, Hanoi is lit by what seem to be 150 watt bulbs, strung haphazardly across the streets. Cyclists flit past like shadows. Only the cars – of which there are few – have headlights. It is very dark, but the town feels safe. Its people are friendly and self-possessed, though terribly poor. There are many homeless. I wander through what would be 'downtown' if the town were large enough. Music comes from behind some metal doors, around which dozens of bicycles are propped. Across the street a Hanoi vendor, an old woman in black, is crouched on the kerb. A wicker basket in front of her contains a few cigarette packets and a bundle to sell singly, and some toffees wrapped up in newspaper – all lit by a small hurricane lamp. There are thousands of such women across the capital of Vietnam. Most wear lipstick – a sign of wealth, perhaps. A middle-ranking cadre will get an official wage of about 150 *dong* a month, but these vendors can make three times as much. It is an impossible differential and things are set to change. Reforms are already under way and since the sixth Plenum in September many controls over the economy have been lifted. A war has been declared against petty bureaucratic tyranny which stifles production. People's right to criticise and obtain prompt investigation and redress has been reinforced, by decree if not yet in fact. For sure, an intense debate is taking place among the policy makers.

The music seems to be coming from the rear door of a cinema and I proceed around the block to find a way in. The main gates are closed, but a group, including a policeman, are talking by a side entrance. I indicate that I would like to go in. From their response I pick out the word '*het*' which means something like 'all gone': I can't go in. But I stand there looking friendly and repeat my request. A casual discussion ensues and a decision is quickly reached. A man takes me through. They won't take any money. I discover later that the performers are semi-amateur, paid a small fee by the city, and entry is free. Inside the building – a large French theatre seating about 1,500 – we go down to the front and a boy is singled out to give his seat to me. It is too late to protest.

THE GAP BETWEEN what regulations say and what people actually do is often extraordinarily wide. Soldiers in Badinh Square laugh and talk while on public parade. A senior spokesman happily acknowledged 'they are good fighters but they won't march in step'. He had seen action at the China front last year. For a society mobilised for war it is remarkably unmilitarised. The bumbling confusion is baffling: perhaps it helped defeat the Americans, yet one would have expected such a long struggle to have brought out a more military strain in the people and it does not seem to be there. Coming in to land at Hanoi airport I was startled by the evidence of bombing. It was not the size of the craters (they looked small), nor their number. It was the casualness. Filled with water from the fields, they reflect the light as if a giant had thoughtlessly spilled a pocketful of coins across the paddy.

During the war, things were patched up and kept going. Today, with few spares but plentiful labour, everything is cleaned but nothing is maintained and little has been renovated. Now the artisans will be given their heads, by a government desperate to increase production. But it will be hard to break the wartime habits of making do with what is to hand.

AS I TAKE my seat in the theatre, I am gripped by the sight on the stage. Hanoi rock and roll: two electric guitars, drums, a sax, a trumpet and an electric organ. A male singer in a blue flowered shirt and cream slacks sings a sentimental pop song without much magnetism, his final effort has more energy but ends strangely with an oriental gesture of his hands. All the musicians are men. A woman comes on stage with her own mike; she wears an *aodai*, the national dress – a brightly coloured, kneelength blouse which splits from the waist over flowing white trousers. These are not worn on the streets in Hanoi; instead most women have *quanden*, carefully tailored black trousers, sometimes silky. It is a city entirely without skirts. More singers appear with a dancer who prances around to an atrocious record. The audience mumbles dissatisfaction. Later she and a man imitate American-style

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courtship in a sort of mock ballet in jeans and T-shirts. Everybody is fascinated but the audience claps hardly at all, even at its favourites.

A SOVIET delegation is in town, headed by alternate Politbureau member Masarov. I saw him arrive on my hotel TV – about seven feet tall and wearing a brown suit, he had to bend double to kiss Truong Chinh who is Vietnam's number two in order of protocol. A big welcome is organised. Among the passers-by I see a striking man in tattered clothes carrying a small bag and his young son. A middle-aged army man comes along with his son on the back of his bike. In fact, men on their own with infants are quite common – a phenomenon which may be linked to the existence of a female proletariat. Women are road menders and construction workers; they have heavy gloves and wear scarves across their faces under the conical straw hats that symbolise the Vietnamese peasantry. You can see them shovelling sand, stirring cement, putting tar into potholes.

THE SOVIET delegation is the advance guard for the Vietnamese Communist Party's celebration of its 50th anniversary on 3 February. Most of today's top leaders joined the party when it was founded. The audience at the concert are the age their leaders were in 1930 when they became Communists. Everybody tells you: 'We are good at war but bad at economics and we must change.' This is the line – defiant abroad and self-critical at home. But how should they change? An impasse admitted nonetheless remains. Perhaps this applies most of all to foreign policy, where there is little room to manoeuvre or take the initiative.

After a singer who strives to be a Vietnamese Cliff Richard, oozing coyness, at last some real energy. Three girls in completely white *aodai* quicken the pace. The spotlights, which are entirely worked by hand, are dimmed and an effort is made to create a strobe effect. The smallest of the three has a powerful voice which belts its way out of all the schmaltz. Where did she learn to sing? The electric equipment is almost certainly liberated from Saigon. Perhaps she is from the South as well. Despite the great numbers in the audience it is cold. The weather has changed with the wind from China in the north.

THE PREVIOUS DAY we travelled up to Lang Son in the mountains. This is the town the Chinese army dynamited when they found they could get no further in last year's invasion. Deng Xiaoping's claim to the Thais that he could have taken Hanoi if he'd wanted was preposterous. Some 50 miles to the south of Lang Son, well before the fertile delta lowlands in which Hanoi stands, there is the Cai Long Gate. Butterflies observed our brief picnic there, the Karst cliffs towering above them and narrowing the road. It was here that a Ming army was annihilated in an ambush nearly 600 years ago. And thereafter, for kilometre upon kilometre, the pass is a natural defile which could never be taken against accurate artillery fire – a skill the Vietnamese have made their own. Even so, beyond this natural fortification the Vietnamese have been careful to lace the hills with trenches. Hanoi is safe.

It doesn't follow, however, that Peking will not attack again. Military tension is mounting. A fortnight after the party celebrations comes *Tet*, the lunar new year and traditional time for surprise attacks. Are the Spratly Islands really beyond Peking's reach? In the present international climate they are one of the few territories that China could hold if it managed to take them.

A socialist Kampuchea has been viewed as essential for Vietnam's security, ever since the Pol Pot border attacks. Hence the need to send aid as well as advisers: it is a strategic issue for Vietnam to build a fraternal state in Phnom Penh. Will Deng and other Peking leaders accept such a defeat for their own policy? Hanoi is understandably nervous. Popular anger was widespread when it was decided to allow Deng's invaders to withdraw without counter-attacking. Civilians in the frontier zone mobbed the soldiers saying 'If you won't fight then give us your weapons and we will'. The shock was deeply felt. Although generally prepared, the Vietnamese were taken by surprise on the day. Senior army leaders here have an evident sense of betrayal, almost of violation. Many received training in China during the early Fifties. Paradoxically, the Chinese assault helped bring about a welcome liberalisation in the South of Vietnam. The government could not have dared to free trade there without having first nationalised the big merchants, who were ethnic Chinese. This measure was not planned in advance, but taken after Pol Pot had declared a state of war through a spokesman in Peking.

A break with Maoism – an influence long present in the party – has certainly taken place. A month after the Chinese invasion, Van Tien Dung, commander of the 1975 victory offensive, openly expressed the military's rejection of Mao, which had been implicit for a long time. How could you apply the maxim 'When the enemy attacks we retreat' to Vietnam? But Dung did not concern himself with military theory: 'We must effect a drastic change first of all within the party', he argued. That was nearly a year ago. In the meantime, cadres have been prepared for major government changes – and indeed there were reports last week that Dung had replaced General Vo Nguyen Giap as leader of the Armed Forces and Defence Minister, in a major reshuffle in which the Foreign and the Economic Planning Ministers were replaced and a number of senior military personnel promoted.

THE NEXT ACT in the entertainment is a clown. Vietnamese clowns are famous, combining the best in the French tradition of mime with the dexterity and body discipline of the East. Each mime has the audience whispering guesses: a pen which will not write – evidently a common experience in a land where waitresses use fountain pens and people queue in the state store when a supply of ink arrives. The clown mimes a pupil giving the routine rhetoric on demand which brings a good laugh, and the audience is delighted when he mimes a girl putting on lipstick. He is followed by another clown with more terrifying mimes, then the two do a double act – easily the most professional performance of the evening. A singer follows in a white suit and tie (something else that is never seen in the streets). After a couple of poor songs he grabs a guitar and sings *'Hey hey beautiful day'* in English. All the singers come on stage to end the concert with another foreign-language song: this time *'Guantanamara'*. The small girl with the powerful voice leant back and pitched through all the others – *'Cuba viva Cuba!'*, it came from her heart. So that was where she learned the new music. The Latin streak comes as a welcome surprise here. The man who interprets for us during the day learnt his English in Cuba and something of his politics as well.

Vietnam's female proletariat

Camera Press

IT IS 10.15. WE FILE OUT past bikes, where those who arrived first are fumbling in the dark to unchain their irreplaceable machines. Youths gather around the old vendor to buy cigarettes, one by one they lean forward to light them in the flame of the hurricane lamp. Someone from the audience spots my western features. 'Goodbye,' he says, coming up to me. 'Hello,' I reply. He goes off nodding his head, thoughtfully repeating 'Hello' to himself. Hanoi is not at all a cosmopolitan capital.

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London Diary

☐ Here is another tale for the MI5 Scrapbook.

Last weekend I was speaking at an LSE do and encountered Professor Michael Oakeshott, looking very sprauncey in his 79th year. I said what a great honour it was, etc etc (on the grounds that if there is a serious English conservative tradition for socialists to grind their wits on, it is represented by Oakeshott and not by all those Josephite twerps). It also offered me a chance to check out a very strange tale I was told years ago by that other worthy conservative, Hugh Trevor-Roper (who is now going about under the alias of Lord Dacre).

It was the early days of the Philby story, and HTR was explaining that the first point you had to grasp about MI5 was that they were political cretins. Example: he himself during the war had been concerned with monitoring German events through radio traffic, and it occurred to him that Oakeshott (author of *Social and Political Doctrines of Contemporary Europe,* 1939) might be a useful toiler. Oh no, said Security. You can't have him. He's a Communist.

No impression could be made by pointing out that if the Bolshies had got to Oakeshott, then the jig was up anyway. And what with the fog of war, etc, everyone forgot the idea: Trevor-Roper was just mentioning it by way of example.

Meeting Oakeshott at last, I asked him whether he was aware that MI5 had him pegged as a Commie in the forties? Good God, no, said he. 'I was a socialist for exactly two weeks of my life. I recall that I disbanded the school cadet corps in 1917 on the news of the Bolshevik Revolution. I informed the authorities that we were going to march to join the workers' cause. Of course, I saw through the whole business almost at once.'

Not the sort of thing MI5 would forget, though. Got a trace on him, old boy. Very dodgy at school. All these damn books – *Experience and its Modes*, classical stuff and so on – just a cunning blind. Can't understand 'em meself. But I spoke to Kim Philby, and he said the feller was a pinko.

Big Brother is watching you – *and he's cross-eyed.*

☐ Recently, I recorded a Damascene conversion to corporate responsibility on the part of Lord Greenhill of the Many Boardrooms (British-American Tobacco among them). But I am sadly accustomed to backsliding among our little flock of repentant capitalists, and Ms Colette Ware reminds me that the Archdiocese of Birmingham had to flog its BAT holdings because of the company's South African employment policies. A parliamentary reply last February listed BAT as paying 237 out of 1,811 black employees below the Lower Datum Level. And it was in the BAT house journal that Greenhill announced his conversion.

☐ Some of us were always against those right-wing propositions in which Communist China either (a) didn't exist, or (b) was inhabited exclusively by two-tailed devils. We may therefore vomit in good conscience at the spectacle of the contemporary right's insanitary amours with the Peking regime.

The other day Godfrey Hodgson and I composed a list of all the offences which the USSR is (correctly) accused of: oppression of minorities, victimisation of dissidents, aggresively militaristic foreign policy, the odd massacre etc. We were not able to find any count which left Peking's hands cleaner than Moscow's.

Immediately afterwards, I was confronted with an ad for a *Times* conference called *China 1980*: to be addressed by Lord Armstrong of the Midland Bank, Ted Heath, Lord Nelson of Stafford (GEC) and Cecil Parkinson, the Minister for Trade. Numerous important matters relating to 'licensing, joint ventures, counter-trade and taxation, developments in finance and banking, etc' were listed for discussion. There was nothing, however, about the close-down of Democracy Wall. Perhaps they could invite Andrei Sakharov over to say a few words about that.

☐ I was disconcerted to find Hugo Young arguing that abortion is a *moral* issue – as though it's a point that needs to be made. On examination, however, one finds that many people on the pro-abortion side are indeed unhappy to acknowledge this, because they feel that the anti-abortionists (of which Hugo is one) have the advantage in the moral argument.

Surely this isn't so. Certainly it is immoral to destroy life, but I do not think physiology is capable of finding the particular moment at which 'a life' comes into existence. What happens when sperm and ovum meet is a mixing of genetic material into a new, unique pattern, which sets a good many parameters for the development of any life which may develop. But conception, although faster than (say) birth, is not instantaneous. It is a process occupying time, which can in principle be disaggregated, and which like the whole development of the foetus, is continuously affected (interfered with, if you wish) by the environment.

The environment, for better or worse, includes us. And once we interfere, of course, we can't do it one way only. Already we bring many foetuses to term – preserve 'lives' if you like – which in older and simpler days would have been aborted naturally. Speaking historically, the increased chance of development to life which is held by every conceptus made in our rich and complex society owes nothing – morally or physically – to the characters who are now rushing about talking about the 'right to life'. The tradition of organised religion, Christian or other, has not on the whole chosen to be concerned with the life-prospects of actual human beings: such moral concerns they have left to humanists. It is just a little late for them to discover that each and every conjunction of genetic material is unique in the sight of (shall we say) the God of the official and respectable churches.

☐ I don't manage to keep up much with the *Daily Telegraph* or the *Sun*, because I use most of my reading-time on serious newspapers. A kindly correspondent, however, has sent me some remarks by a Mr Colin Welch in the *Telegraph*. He finds us lacking in humour – well, it's the only piece of his I've read, but it seems so lugubrious in tone that one would scarcely dare to try and amuse him.

More particularly, he objects to our arguments for economic rigour. Indeed, he objects to Rick Rogers having said that when the Ministry of Defence pays for the children of its more privileged employees to go to public schools, this is a subsidy. Not so, he cries. The Ministry is merely paying for services rendered.

I will, for the sake of this thick-witted man, leave aside the question of whether or not the absurd and corrupt public-school system could survive in strict market competition (which was the real theme underlying Rogers' article). I will ask him a straightforward question.

Granted that the State pays perfectly good money to sustain, in all places where MoD personnel are to be found, state schools which are allegedly adequate to the education of its servants (and if not why not?), what is the nature of the service rendered to the State by the private schools which are paid to educate separately the offspring of a small, privileged (and usually rather stupid) section of MoD staff?

I can see quite easily what services the parents and children get. And I can see that it is a great deal for Marlborough, Cheltenham or whatever other conformity-factories happen to get chosen for the largesse. But what is the advantage to the *state*, which is the animal paying the bill?

☐ A Mr C. G. Hawksworth writes that he has been comparing the natural character of the bear and the eagle. The bear, he says, is naturally pacific though capable of self-defence. The eagle, on the other hand, is an aggressive predator.

I take his political point. But I recommend to him one of the world's greatest, if little-known books – *The Spotted Hyena*, by Hans Kruuk.* Mr Kruuk spent several years living among the hyenas in Ngorongoro Crater, Tanzania, and (in the words of Nikolaus Tinbergen's introduction) 'knew from the start that the popular images of animals are often amazingly wrong.' What Kruuk found was that the hyena (so weightily libelled by Prosecutor Vyshinsky) is a brave and hard-working little fellow, with a strong sense of collective loyalty. He discovered, at the same time, that the lion is a dreadful sponger and layabout, who steals other animals' food whenever he can. I do not know what this proves, except that those who trade in anthropomorphic symbolism must watch their step.

* Chicago, 1972.

Bruce Page

This England

Prizes: £3 book token for first entry, £2 tokens for others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

☐ S.S.T. writes: The death of Maurice Reckitt removes the last bridge between the croquet of before and after the two world wars. – Obituary in *The Times* (J. R. Soames)

☐ A teenager did not know the way to a West End drug centre, where she hoped to get treatment for her addiction. So, in an effort to 'draw attention to herself', she stole from three Oxford Street stores, hoping that she would be arrested, and then be able to ask a policeman the way.– *The Mercury* (Jad Adams)

☐ Lord Gardiner, a former Labour Lord Chancellor, said he had found that women were less shocked by pornography than men. In trials in which he played a part he found them more down to earth on sexual matters – 'probably because they have to be'. – *Daily Telegraph* (P. Polglaze)

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LETTERS to the EDITOR

Economic building blocks

From Paul Ormerod

Professor Patrick Minford's letter (NS 25 January) contains a number of theoretical propositions about the UK economy, which taken together have decidedly weak empirical foundations.

His main proposition, that growth in the domestic money supply causes inflation, is simply an assertion of the validity of the long-run quantity theory of money. As Patrick Minford points out, this theory requires three 'building blocks'. First, a demand for money function. Although this is perhaps the least controversial of the blocks, he does not add the point that this function must be stable to support the theory. This is so that changes in the velocity of circulation, which potentially offset changes in the money supply, can be predicted. The search for such a stable function, at least on any broad definition of money, is similar to the medieval quest for the Holy Grail: it has proved difficult to find.

Patrick Minford's second building block is much more central to his theory. This is that output tends to a level which is determined by supply factors. On the face of it, this might appear reasonable, but Professor Minford does not spell out what this really means. The statement actually means that changes in demand unaccompanied by changes in the money supply cannot affect the level of output in the long run. In other words, increases in public expenditure themselves have no effect on the level of output. Put this way, the proposition is much more dubious. Indeed, even the London Business School model, developed by Terry Burns, the Government's new chief economic adviser, does not support it empirically. Many economists in fact believe that increases in demand, by stimulating investment, can themselves cause increases in the supply capacity of the economy.

The third proposition is that the authorities *can* control the money supply. In theory this is true. In practice, the experience of the UK authorities is that the money supply is by no means easy to control – witness the current record interest rates, the uneasy gilts market, and ministerial worries about moving to a new system of control (the monetary base).

Finally, another comment on the real PSBR referred to by Professors Hendry and Minford. Economists who are not hard-line monetarists recognise that the actual PSBR is a highly misleading indicator of the impact of the government's tax and expenditure policies on the economy. Two correctives have been suggested. First, to adjust the actual PSBR for inflation. Second, to adjust the PSBR for variations in the level of real economic activity (the full-employment PSBR). To monetarists like Patrick Minford, however, these measures are irrelevant, because he assumes that fiscal policy alone cannot affect the economy in the long-run. The only thing which matters is any change in the money supply which might follow from the actual PSBR. It is interesting to note here that both of the adjusted measures of the PSBR show that government policy has been highly restrictive in recent years. And the UK economy has been in its deepest recession since the war.

33 Meadow Place, London SW8

From G. D. N. Worswick

In commenting on Professor David Hendry's Inaugural Lecture Professor Patrick Minford refers to three 'building blocks' which 'are now standard even in neo-Keynesian models such as the Treasury's and the NIESR's.' However, so far as NIESR is concerned his account of these three blocks is potentially misleading, and in one case wrong.

1. 'There is a demand for money function.' There is an equation for the demand for narrow money (M_1) which includes as arguments GDP at market prices and an interest rate. The demand for M_3 is implicit.

2. 'Output tends to some level which is determined by supply factors.' Not so, in the sense in which these words are normally understood by economists. If, for instance, there is a spontaneous fall in exports, or public expenditure, there are some factors extending (or multiplying) the fall to other sectors, and others tending to offset it. The *net* outcome in our model is *not* a return to the original level of total output or employment.

3 'The supply of money is controlled by the authorities at a rate of growth they determine.' So far as model simulations go, we can, if we wish, arbitrarily assign M_1 (or M_3) to travel along some predetermined path, and then work out what would happen to other variables. But this capability is not peculiar to money; we can do precisely the same thing for other variables such as the exchange rate or earnings. The important question is the one about the real world. Is M_3 (or any other indicator of the 'supply of money') a number the authorities can fix, like the *rate* of income tax, or is it a target in pursuit of which the authorities are obliged to use *other* instruments? The distinction is vital and frequently overlooked in much current comment.

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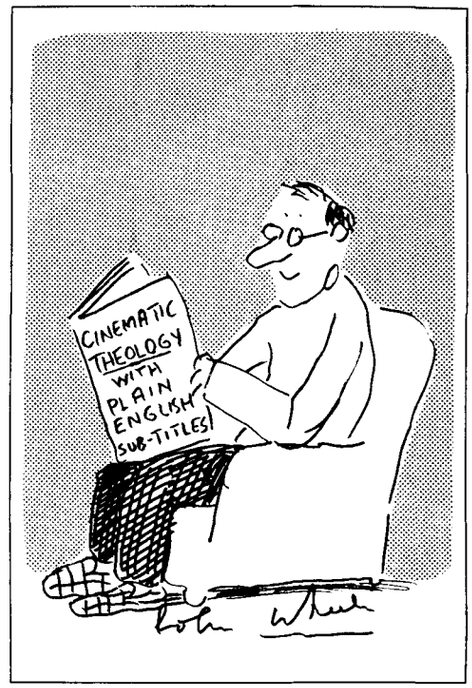

Cinematic theology

From Stuart Hood

Kevin Brownlow, for whom I have the highest respect as a film historian and film-maker, has fallen into the trap of thinking (NS 25 January) that, because some of the contributors to *Screen* are their own worst enemies, what they are concerned with is unimportant and can be dismissed. It is true that their literary style is often barbarous and highly élitist in its obscurity and that they have made current what one might – on the analogy of Franglais – call Anglish; on the other hand, 'synecdoche' (to which he takes exception) has a long history in grammar-books and is no more strange to even a hypothetical Korean student than 'parallax' (to use a word from Brownlow's own technical jargon).

What is valuable about the work of the film semioticians, with whom I have a number of differences of opinion, is that it examines in a fruitful way how meaning is constituted in film and discusses the manner in which images 'work' on an aesthetic and ideological level. Kevin Brownlow is correct in saying that this information is useless to the film-maker only in the sense that it is possible to talk or write without a knowledge of grammar, of theories of language or of narrative structures. The question of how language works leads on to important questions about the functioning of the mind and about the social function of language. Film is also an important medium and repays the same detailed study.

It is sad that like many other professionals he has not had the patience to penetrate beneath the jargon to the important issues the semioticians have raised. Refusal to engage in debates on these issues can be a form of cultural philistinism which is not worthy of him.

12 Sumatra Road, London NW6

From Paul Rotha

As a film-maker, critic and historian of more years than your contributor, Kevin Brownlow, I must report my overdue pleasure at his piece 'Cinematic Theology'. This phoney 'semiotic' jargon in film criticism was actually exposed first with devastating brilliance by the late eminent American film critic Otis Ferguson in his piece which was contained in Alistair Cooke's anthology *Garbo and the Night-watchmen* way back in 1937 (reprinted in 1971). These 'semiologists' so-called are a menace to serious well-informed film critics and a real hindrance to young film students whose number steadily grows.

1 Horton House, Croft Road, Wallingford, Oxon.

From Mike Westlake

Kevin Brownlow's polemic against the use of semiology in film studies rests on a number of propositions. First, that there's such a thing as 'clear English', comprehensible, it is implied, even to factory workers, into which 'jargon' can and should be translated. Second, that although it '*is* important to have technical terms ... there are enough of those in motion pictures already'. Third, in spite of confessing to not understanding semiology, Brownlow claims it is 'unhelpful – to the point of arrogance'. Fourth, that the use of semiology in film can be explained in terms of personal motivation. And fifth, that 'it is a kind of fascism to force people practising one discipline to learn the language of another, simply for the convenience of an intellectual élite'.

Taking these in order, I offer the following considerations. The term 'clear English', despite the invocation of the factory worker, means nothing other than the language understood by the average NS reader, for whom terms like 'social anthropology', 'Piaget and Dr Werner von Braun', 'sociolinguistics' and 'cinematic theology' (all used by Brownlow in his article) are unproblematic. What is 'clear English' for some may well be 'jargon' for others. As for translation, yes, it can be done, but only at the cost of conciseness and precision. The aim of education, far from being the demotic communication Brownlow subscribes to, can be seen as enabling students to master meaningful technical concepts which can then be applied to produce knowledge and enact change.

The introduction of new technical terminology corresponds to specific needs, in this instance not to the making of movies, but to the critical understanding of them. It has been because of the poverty of the existing critical discourse that there has been a felt need for richer explanatory resources – provided by semiology and, latterly in *Screen* at least, psychoanalysis.

Kevin Brownlow's own failure to understand semiology is not so much, I suspect, because of the intellectual incapacity he ingenuously offers up as an explanation, but rather because of an unwillingness to do so – for whatever speculative reason. In any case, he's hardly in a position to judge its usefulness if he doesn't understand it. For those who believe they do, and who are interested in applying it to film, there is a consensus that it has enriched their understanding.

Whatever motives may be correctly or falsely attributable to the film semiologists are beside the point. The importance of semiology in film, and its continued use, will be decided for or against on the basis of its capacity to increase knowledge, not on the basis of the private lives of its adherents.

Lastly, the slur of fascism, along with the similarly weighted notion of 'disease', raises questions of a

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rather different order. If, indeed, it was a matter of 'forcing' people to read *Screen*, and 'simply for the convenience of an intellectual élite', there might be a case to answer. But the dominant filmic discourse, as the criticism of John Coleman in NS illustrates, is far from being infected with such knowledge. Until such times as it is, or as some might prefer to say, as long as it continues to saturate the media, press and TV, with its ideologically complicit mélange of 'facts', opinions, and common sense, it might be advisable for Kevin Brownlow to keep quiet on the subject of 'force' and 'élite'.

121 Lapwing Lane, Didsbury, Manchester 20

From Peter Bowen

Congratulations to Kevin Brownlow for his remarkably restrained attack on film semiology. One small cavil: it's possible to infer from his article that Britain's universities are a hotbed of film studies. Not true. At the undergraduate level, only Warwick offers a degree in film (actually Film and Literature). Elsewhere, in the handful of universities offering film (at my reckoning only four of 44 have staff appointed specifically to teach film), it is only an option.

There are, as I'm sure Kevin Brownlow knows, a number of good – and a few first-rate – teachers of film, who eschew the jargon, who write in clear, well-organised and accessible prose. I do wish, though, that he had made more of the unfortunate and probably unbridgeable chasm between teachers and makers. In Britain, unlike in the best film courses elsewhere, higher education is by and large either theoretical or practical, but never both. Artsmen in universities do not believe that it is necessary for students to handle and use the materials and tools of film-making, although they would argue, quite rightly, that students of literature should be able to communicate with words. Film schools on the other hand appear to concentrate on the mechanics of film, ignoring its history and undervaluing its aesthetics. But that's the history of the so-called 'British Film Industry' – what's entertainment for the masses must not be taken seriously; it's no place for the intellectual, let alone the artist, to work. It's an enormous problem, and one that I suspect will not be solved in this country. If it is (and I hope it is), the solution will not come from the semioticians, who are about as scientific as Christian Science, plodding onwards and downwards, reducing the artist's creation to an exercise in paint-by-numbers.

Audio-Visual Centre, University of Warwick, Coventry CV4 7AL

From J. O. Thompson

Even if, as Kevin Brownlow evidently hopes, all our 'film semioticians' hang themselves after shredding their articles, I hope the term 'diegesis' survives the holocaust. It does a job which no other single term seems able to. Talking or writing about fiction films, I want sometimes to refer as a whole to everything which the film would be stating to be the case if it *weren't* fiction: its characters, their actions, the precise environment in which they appear. I can't speak of the film's 'world' because that suggests something vaguer, perhaps shared by a group of films (as in 'the world of Hitchcock' or 'the world of the Western'). I can't speak of the film's 'story' because that would narrow attention to events alone. I can't speak of the film's 'narrative' because the word is ambiguous between *what* is narrated (a sense which does correspond quite closely to 'diegesis') and *how* it is narrated (in chronological order, in flashback. . .); the point is often to distinguish the what from the how. I can't speak of the film's 'fiction' because as a noun it sounds awkward and carries the unwanted suggestion that the film is somehow lying. So I fall back on the dreaded technical term – which was introduced into French film theory as long ago as the late Forties. Nothing about this should take more than about ten minutes to convey to students (workers, whoever . . .), whether from Korea or Coventry. If Kevin Brownlow hasn't found anyone who could explain it to him, he should get to know better explainers.

Centre for Communication Studies, University of Liverpool, Chatham Street, Liverpool L69 3BX

Refugees in PNG

From P. Donigi

The policies and actions of the Government of Papua New Guinea have been grossly misrepresented (NS 21/28 December). The 'report' of renewed bombing raids against the nationalist guerrillas of the Operasi Papua Merdeka (Free Papua Movement) in Irian Jaya (West Irian) – an Indonesian province – is out of date. The details of the report show it to be a revival of stories of the actual raids carried out by the Indonesians against the OPM in 1978. There have been no raids in 1979 remotely like your report states. The 700 refugees mentioned in the bogus report were in fact villagers who crossed in July 1978. They returned in September/October, after being helped to exist in PNG villages where they mostly had relatives, and with the approval of the UNCHR, after the military raids ceased. To report former High Commissioner Sampatkumar in support of a fabricated instance of PNG 'recently repatriating another 100 exiles recognised as legitimate refugees by the UN' is farcical. He has twice praised the scrupulously fair processing of border crossers.

The PNG government maintains that no bombing occurred on PNG soil.

The Government's policy has not changed towards people who cross the border. They are all treated as though they were refugees until it is proven whether they have claims for political asylum. Those who are recognised may then stay or be directed to a third country, by arrangement, if they are considered a threat to the internal security of PNG or Indonesia. Some 500 Irian Jayans have settled in PNG and about 150 are in semi-permanent or holding camps. The majority of the border crossers in the last year have been opportunists seeking schooling or work and the Government cannot accept illegal immigrants on that basis. With the agreement of the UNCHR these are told they must go home. Less than 50 returned to Jayapura during 1979, some reluctantly, but none under duress.

The 'Operation Bird of Paradise' document has been declared bogus by our Foreign Affairs and Trade Minister, Mr Ebia Olewale. PNG's border policy is not born out of fear but from a need to deal with a sensitive situation. The supposed quotations from the border agreement are ridiculously wrong. Rather than obligating both parties to take 'tough new measures' and 'joint action' against anti-government activity, each government has undertaken to 'maintain its own procedures of notification and control'. The new agreement actually commits both parties to accelerating development of the people of this largely remote area and to facilitating development of its substantial mineral resources. It also renews arrangements to allow villagers close to both sides of the border to cross with minimum formalities for traditional purposes. PNG's border policy may be summed up as wishing to live peacefully with our closest Asian neighbour while not putting that wish above the need to protect individual human rights.

Department of Foreign Affairs and Trade, Post Office Wardstrip, Waigini, PNG

Peter Tatchell replies: Mr Donigi, and Jakarta's Generals, would like the world to believe that peace and tranquillity have returned to the border region, and that bombing raids and refugees are all a thing of the past – as if this would make them any less deplorable! Despite Mr Donigi's denial, bombing raids have resumed following Jakarta's failure to defuse the OPM by a more conciliatory approach. This has exacerbated the long-standing refugee problem which PNG has sought to solve by sealing the border and making it well-known that refugees will be sent back – by force if necessary.

Mr Donigi's version of PNG's handling of the 700 refugees in July 1978 is contradicted by the eye-witness account of a Catholic Sister: 'PNG officials wanted to send them straight back to Irian Jaya. Against the officials' wishes, we set up a camp for them and contacted UN representatives. The refugees were personally interviewed by Robert Sampatkumar of UNCHR and he decided that they should *not* be sent back. The refugees told him that *even when the trouble died down*, they did not want to go back.' Those refugees were nevertheless sent back.

The claim that no refugees are returned 'under duress' is refuted by first-hand accounts from Catholic missions near Vanimo: 'I have seen refugees being returned against their will. I have actually seen them loaded on to canoes and into planes at Vanimo. I have seen grown men cry like babies. They had an intense fear of being killed on their return.' The PNG government's unsympathetic attitude to refugees is betrayed by Mr Donigi's dismissal of them as 'border-crossers', 'opportunists', and 'illegal immigrants'. If PNG's treatment of refugees is beyond reproach, why then has it obstructed attempts by journalists and UN representatives to interview them? And why do many eye-witnesses fear disclosing their identities?

Militant

From Nigel Stanley

Militant want to have their cake and eat it, if Nick Bradley (NS 25 January) is anything to go by. While rightly asking the rest of the Left to defend their place in the Labour Party, they also seem to require immunity from any criticism coming from the Left. Nick Bradley should understand that it is legitimate to criticise the practice of 'the tendency' as well as its paper politics. While the evidence is necessarily anecdotal, Patrick Wintour's article (NS 18 January) rings too true to anyone who has encountered Militant to be dismissed as 'pub-gossip'.

To complain that Militant's policies were not analysed is true but it obscures the issue. Policies don't exist as abstract good ideas – they must be capable of mobilising public and Labour Movement support to ensure their implementation. Thus the political practice of Militant in putting forward their policies is crucially important. But it would be a good idea if the NS could devote some space to the political validity of Trotsky's Transitional Programme.

Finally, Bradley promotes the ultimate illusion – that to attack Militant is to attack Marxism. Nothing could be further from the truth. The work of Militant has done more to turn Labour activists from genuine study of Marxism than all the red-baiting of the Tory press. A whole generation of Labour's youth has been sold the lie that Militant's crude, economistic and mechanistic politics *is* Marxism – a fact that bodes ill for the development of the strong, open, and ultimately dominant, Marxist current that will be necessary if the Labour Party is to be the instrument for socialist change.

213 Charlotte Despard Avenue, London SW11

Watt?

From Stephen Connor

Agustin Gomez-Arcos 'knows his Brecht quite as well as his Beckett', Adrianne Blue tells us (NS 25 January). I hope that he knows it a little better than his reviewer for the sucking-stones to which she refers belong to Molloy, and not to Watt, and number 16 and not 18. Nor are they in the least 'interchangeable'.

Birkbeck College, Malet Street, London WC1

Manner of her leaving

From Jeffrey Meyers

People don't die, as Edward Said claims in his review (NS 18 January) of 'sheer fatigue'. Said, intent on blaming Orwell for his wife's death, fails to note that she died under anaesthesia during a minor operation in 1945.

Keynes College, University of Kent, Canterbury

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FIRST PERSON
Arthur Marshall

A woman wronged

I have recently been refreshing my old and, for many things, sieve-like memory about Branwell Brontë, brother of those three semi-weird sisters and only son of the Reverend Patrick, originally of Drumballyroney, County Down, and formerly called Brunty but, on arrival in England and Cambridge, adapting it to Brontë, Nelson having been created Duke of Brontë in 1799 and the new name bearing with it therefore a distinction not possessed by Brunty. I had not forgotten, and indeed who could, Branwell's fondness for the bottle (such an especially exciting treat for the locals when the pastor's son keeps measuring his tipsy length in the bar parlour of the 'Black Bull') and that he was for a time railway booking-clerk at a small Yorkshire station where it seems probable that sad and boozy muddles were made and that passengers, seeking to travel humbly down the branch line to visit a sick aunt, found themselves whizzing, complete with luncheon-basket, in a first class smoker to Manchester.

But I had not remembered what must be, apart from his unusually gifted female relations and his artistic ability (portrait painter), his chief claim to fame – an ambidexterity which fills me with envy and which allowed him to write simultaneously two quite different letters, one with the right hand and one with the left, thus halving the time required for correspondence. Cheers greeted this parlour trick when performed in the 'Black Bull' before the whisky had taken its relentless toll and, with a clatter, poor old Branwell disappeared yet again beneath the table. Eventually the railway company installed in its booking office a rather less risky employee and Branwell's briefish interval of usefulness to the travelling public was at an end.

Branwell also wrote, and how deafening must have been the endless and noisy scratching of pens in that Haworth Parsonage. Not a shy author and sheltering conveniently behind a pseudonym (Captain John Flower, MP), both prose and poetry came easily to him and he sent the former to Mr Blackwood of *Blackwood's Magazine*, who refused it, and the latter to William Wordsworth, who didn't answer. Meanwhile his sister Charlotte, not yet known to the public but with *Jane Eyre* just round the corner, was sending her poems to the Poet Laureate, Robert Southey, who certainly answered and a fine wet blanket he turned out to be, damping her enthusiasms with talk of literary 'daydreams . . . inducing a distempered state of mind . . . literature cannot be the business of a woman's life, and it ought not to be.' Although it must be said in Southey's favour that Charlotte's gifts were not for poetry, the grumpy and discouraging letter does him little credit and makes one doubtful once more about the whole subject of poetry and poets and the very limited amount of interesting information they seem willing to pass on to those of us who like to know where we are. I recently complained in these pages about the absence of full names in even the best poets (Keats, Burns, etc.) and now complain again about certain other facets of this rather flowery and pretentious way of arranging words and expressing emotions.

Take, for instance, Southey himself. I shall come in a moment to the deplorable vanities revealed in his poem 'The Scholar', elsewhere called 'His Books' and 'My Days Among The Dead', few poems being less deserving of three assorted titles, but first let us examine what is possibly his best known poem, featured in Palgrave but cold-shouldered in the Oxford Book of English Verse, and called 'After Blenheim' and which begins, as you'll recollect, by telling us that 'It was a summer evening' and that 'Old Kaspar's work was done.' For those of us who instantly cry 'What work?', there is an answer. Here at least Southey bestirs himself to let us know that old Kaspar is an ancient ploughman who ploughs up, unwisely one would have thought, the late battlefield, and also comes upon distressful remains when digging his garden.

Although there are some who claim that Blenheim is in Oxfordshire, it is in fact in Germany, no great distance from the town of Ulm and extremely adjacent to the river Danube, every bit as un-blue and disappointing here as it is further down. Kaspar, presumably a widower for no apple-cheeked *Frau* is discovered immersed in *Sauerkraut* and yelling 'Supper's up', is now taking it easy outside his cottage door but is not alone, for 'by him sported on the green his little grandchild Wilhelmine.' Apart from the deep horror and shame for a girl of having to press down Life's pathway called Wilhelmine, where, you may well enquire, were the child's parents? If they had gone on a shopping expedition to Ulm ('Don't forget the Frankfurters!') we should have been informed. If they were an athletic and fun-loving couple and were decorously splashing each other in the Danube prior to practising their crawls, pray come out with the details.

But it is in the latter part of the poem that Southey's general feebleness is so sadly apparent. You'll remember that Wilhelmine's little brother, Peterkin, comes running up clutching a disused skull and is, naturally, full of questions about the battle of Blenheim, to which Old Kaspar supplies the thinnest of answers, never attempting for one moment to explain what our very own Duke of Marlborough was doing so far away from home and impertinently fighting a war on territory that did not even belong to the enemies he was up against. Here was both Southey's and Kaspar's chance for a general review of world power and strategy at the time, and they completely muffed it, the latter merely mumbling that "twas a famous victory', which we knew already, and doubtless shoving aside with his foot two or three more Frog skulls that had popped up while he was preparing the winter cabbage bed. And the poem could have closed on a cheering horticultural and 'it's an ill wind' note by drawing attention to the very fine beetroot crops gathered in the district over the next decade or two.

The poet's excellent opinion of himself is there for all to see and regret in the aforesaid 'The Scholar', the opening line of which runs 'My days among the Dead are past', past here meaning passed. Although this bold statement may give the impression to some that, his poems having understandably failed to sell ('remaindered' at a bob a time), Southey has gone into the more financially reliable undertaking business, this is not so. He is referring to the great minds and writers of the past (Shakespeare, Aristotle, Voltaire – you name them) with whom he is in daily and dusty confab in the library and hence Palgrave's title of 'The Scholar'. He certainly expresses thanks to these great minds, even though there is a sort of girlish gush in the words selected ('My cheeks have often been bedew'd with tears of thoughtful gratitude'), but one senses that he really regards them as equals and indeed the poem ends with a smug reference to his own assumed immortality and to the fact that, when he is dead and gone, it is among these same illustrious Dead that 'I with them shall travel on through all Futurity'. Not for him a seat on the clouds with humble ploughmen, even one called Kaspar, but stimulating chin-wags over coffee and biscuits with Homer and Mozart.

I very much doubt this. There is nothing that I can find in the works of Southey that convinces one that he would be regarded as in any way an acceptable figure up aloft and given a cheery welcome ('Do take a pew'). I can see him trying to thrust his way into a bridge four with Ben Jonson, Pepys and Isaac Watts. I picture him at lunch attempting to edge into a seat well above the salt and alongside Virgil and Aeschylus ('Close up, for God's sake. Here comes Southey!'). Although in heaven all will be perfection, one will surely be allowed a few little simple human failings such as mild irritation ('Go away, Southey!'). And what, may I ask, will happen when, scuttling round a corner and in vigorous pursuit ('I say, hold on a moment') of the Venerable Bede, he finds himself face to face with Charlotte Brontë? Forgiveness, I feel sure, on her part, but what on his? Blushes and confusion and abject apologies? One can only hope so.

Roger Woddis

Blind Ali

Mohammed Ali is having second thoughts about his African mission to gain support for the US-backed boycott of the Moscow Olympics.

When the Russians invaded Afghanistan,
I was proud to be the President's man.
I went to Africa to declare my aims,
And get them to boycott the Moscow Games.
But when I got to Dar es Salaam,
They said my trip could cause great harm.
They told me Russia had used her might
To help their liberation fight,
And asked me, though I didn't know,
Why we still trade with Botha and Co.,
And I scratched my head and opened my eyes,
To show my worry and my surprise.
Now I'm not sure who's speaking true,
And who the hell is kidding who.
Mebbe I'm muddled, mebbe I'm confused,
Mebbe I'm dumb and I'm being used,
Mebbe America told me wrong,
And if they did I shan't stay long.
Once I was blind, but now I see,
'Cos those Tanzanians sure converted me.
I like the President, I like his style,
But I ain't nobody's whipping chile.

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

David Caute

It Was a Man

Smiley's People by JOHN LE CARRÉ *Hodder* £5.95

Unlike Frederick Forsyth, author of thrillers heavily 'hyped' but increasingly banal, Le Carré's worldly success follows not from promotional uproar but from his ability – confirmed once again by *Smiley's People* – to tell a good story well; to reconcile narrative tension with a style which is not only simple and functional, but also elegant and subtle. Though his imaginative universe has clear boundaries and his characters – as with lesser thriller writers – reveal themselves only by their behaviour, these limitations are in fact his peculiar strengths: a Le Carré novel is like an Austin chassis powered by a Rolls-Royce engine.

Yet even he has not escaped the scorn of critics who seem to resent the scale of his popularity, 'upmarket' and down. Reviewing *The Honourable Schoolboy* in these pages, a certain 'Louis Finger' put the boot (or the finger) in. Although Le Carré had 'used up his last crumb of know-how' as a thriller writer, groaned Finger, Heaven Forbid that he should ever again repeat the 'unreadable pretentiousness' of his Serious Novel, *The Naïve and Sentimental Lover*. 'We knew, though,' added Finger, implying that he was speaking on behalf of a literary lunch club, 'that Le Carré was a solemn fellow, irked that he'd been pigeon-holed.' In taking up *The Honourable Schoolboy*, therefore, 'We prepared ourselves to make allowances, to forgive much in the way of weariness or strain.' But no luck: it was a ghastly monster of a novel. 'What happens next to Le Carré,' concluded Finger, 'will no doubt depend on the kind of contract he has with his American publisher.'

Le Carré is not merely a good writer peddling a shamelessly boyish mythology; he is equally a most sensitive explorer of the hazy frontier between politics and crime, of espionage projected as a metaphor for the loneliness which transcends allegiance. And although his hero Smiley (now inescapably resembling Alec Guinness) had earned his retirement by uncovering Moscow's Mole in the Circus, the suave Bill Haydon, lover of Smiley's wife Ann, there is something we have to face: the austere, dedicated Karla remains at the helm, sinking his fangs into free men everywhere and – even worse – lighting one American cigarette after another with Smiley's Ronson (they're built to last).

Who can match Karla? Certainly not the cynical Circus apparatchiks now serving a 'left-wing' Government myopically obsessed about giving the Russians no offence. Only little George Smiley can do it, a Winnie the Pooh with brains, a pro, a player, all his life yet at heart an amateur, a gentleman. Here Le Carré's mythology closely mirrors that of Sherlock Holmes. Whatever old scores Smiley might subconsciously wish to settle, he has to be summoned back from a broader, amateur culture, from 'his habitual desk in the London Library in St James's Square' where he is writing a monograph on the German baroque poet Opitz. Then something funny happens in Paris and something much worse on Hampstead Heath. The phone rings; it's Oliver Lacon. Smiley has the sensation of being 'hauled from a warm and treasured place'. He dresses slowly.

Like Greene, Le Carré is a disgusted patriot. His portrait of the Circus as Smiley now finds it leaves little space for the thought that democracy must find its soldiers where it can. There is the durable Lacon, Whitehall's head prefect to the intelligence services, forever exploiting Smiley's skills to avoid a scandal and now whining pathetically about his unfaithful wife (a theme Smiley would rather not discuss). There is the new head of the Circus, Saul Enderby, with his 'lounging Belgravia Cockney which is the final vulgarity of the English upper class', posing with one knee forward and slightly bent, 'as if he were in the members' enclosure at Ascot'. The minions are no better. A race of poachers, one is given to understand, have turned gamekeeper.

Those who will save the day (if not the world) have all been sacked or shelved: Smiley himself, the engagingly corrupt Toby Esterhazy, and that resourceful Robin, Peter Guillam, now sitting out a boring desk job in the Paris Embassy. Yet this team coalesces slowly. Only in the second half of the novel does Le Carré offer Smiley the wider synchronised teamwork we associate with modern espionage. In the early chapters Smiley is his own legman, lacking even the services of a Watson, a symbol perhaps of the profound pity (or self-pity) that Le Carré feels for an England fuelled by nothing more vital than adulterated nostalgia. Our solitary detective returns to the scene of the murder on Hampstead Heath, doggedly pursuing the salient detail which may yet break Karla. He steps into the long grass, soaking his trousers from the knee down, and begins poking around, heedless of health and dignity:

> He found four beer bottles, empty, and four cigarette packets so sodden and old that after one glance he discounted them. And in a branch, slipped into a fork where it joined its parent trunk, the fifth packet . . . a relatively dry packet of Gauloises Caporal, *Filtre* and Duty Free . . . He jumped for it and felt his back rip.

The pain of that parting tissue will dig at him for days afterwards.

This is the standard hokum of the thriller. But a Le Carré novel is a work not only of artifice but also of art. Creating suspense is easy enough, but this writer delights in working from modest beginnings, cunningly releasing ambiguous fragments of evidence until the jigsaw is finally assembled. What distinguishes him is the depth and subtlety of his political perception. However manichean – and to me personally unacceptable – his overall vision of the Cold War, this is a mind guilty only of dovetailing brilliant insights into a final orthodoxy.

Even within the genre whose final implausibilities one willingly swallows there are, it is true, minor irritations. Driving around Bayswater ('well off his beaten track') is surely less hair-raising than is implied; the sinister shadows and footsteps which haunt Smiley's lonely legwork rarely materialise into anything more Karla-like than the friendly, eager face of a Circus Baby-sitter: 'Sorry, sir, you *do* remember me, don't you?' One wishes George would walk straight into the Savoy from the Strand rather than adopting a 'painstaking route' and entering from the Embankment side. And although the dialogue is as usual of a high standard, conversations are too often set up to convey information which Smiley already possesses. In *Smiley's People*, as in *Tinker Tailor*, George risks the dangerous journey to Oxford to visit the boozy old lesbian Circus hand Connie and her friend Hils. It's wonderful stuff but Connie, drifting lovingly towards drunken oblivion, can dig out of her memory little that the ever-sober George does not himself recall. '"Why did Vladimir call him the Sandman?" Smiley asked, knowing the answer already.'

Le Carré's imaginative universe is pervaded by the long winter of the Cold War. His protagonists trudge across a Europe whose freezing forests and canals signal the outer rim of the ice-age emanating from the Soviet empire. The only good Russians are those uncontaminated by communism. At the climax of *Smiley's People*, however, Le Carré allows himself a small, sentimental retraction. The foe who has relentlessly incarnated inhuman ruthlessness turns out to have 'a human face of disconcerting clarity. It was no brute whom Smiley was pursuing with such mastery, no unqualified fanatic at all, no automaton. It was a man . . .' A man, indeed, brought down by 'excessive love'. Oh well, better late than never.

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Tariq Ali

Death Warrant

Bhutto: Trial and Execution by VICTORIA SCHOFIELD *Cassell* £7.95
Bhutto: A Political Biography by SALMAAN TASEER *Ithaca Press* £9.50 & £3.50
Pakistan Under Bhutto by SHAHID JAVED BURKI *Macmillan* £15

Bhutto's execution last April traumatised Pakistan and shocked the Western world. The verdict of public opinion was almost universal: the execution was unjustified regardless of guilt. The hasty hanging and hurried burial were recognised for what they were – an attempt by a military dictator to sweep aside the most dangerous obstacle to his rule.

In the aftermath of Bhutto's death the Pakistani masses have recognised him as a martyr. Even apologists for the present regime admit that in a fair election the party founded by Bhutto – Pakistan People's Party – would win an overall majority. It is almost as if Mark Antony's famous lines had been inverted to read:

> The good that men do lives after them
> The evil is oft interred with their bones.

Did Bhutto do any good at all? Was his trial fair? What lies ahead for Pakistan? Three books attempt to answer these questions. Victoria Schofield was an old university chum of Bhutto's daughter Benazir. During the year-long trial Ms Schofield went to Pakistan in order to help her friend. Her book makes no attempt at objectivity and is written as a defence of Bhutto's record. The bulk of the book concentrates on the trial proceedings and will be of some interest to those who missed the detailed coverage in the Western press. But it fails to analyse the reasons for Bhutto's downfall. In fact it accepts in virtually every detail the view being peddled by the late Prime Minister's progeny, namely, that Father could do no wrong.

Salmaan Taseer is an active member of the PPP and a journalist cum chartered accountant. He has produced a racy and informative biography, which is largely sympathetic, but by no means uncritical of the dead politician. Taseer's Bhutto is an agile and intelligent bourgeois politician, capable of manipulating the masses and infinitely preferable to the bulk of his opponents. And this despite his vindictiveness:

> Bhutto saw enemies where none existed. In his years of power, he treated his political opponents as dangerous subversives, and succeeded in making them so . . . He directed an incredible amount of energy and skill in attacking his enemies. And like Don Quixote he often attacked imaginary monsters.

Shahid Javed Burki was an extremely talented mandarin in the Civil Service of Pakistan. After a short spell at home he left to join Harvard's Development Advisory Service and then moved on to the World Bank, where he presently is Chief of the Policy Planning Division.

Burki's account is rich in economic detail, though much of it is couched in the pseudo-sociological jargon which seems to have become the hallmark of an entire generation of post-Sixties international civil servants trained in American universities. Burki sees the period of military dictatorship under Ayub (1958-69) as Pakistan's golden age. The reason for this is obvious: under Ayub the civil service virtually ran the country. With repression taking care of political dissent and trade-unionism, the bureaucracy aided a period of economic growth which heightened economic disparities between West and East Pakistan still further, not to mention those that already existed between the dispossessed and the owning classes. Burki grossly underestimates the impact of this one-sided economic growth on the subsequent break-up of the country and the weakening of the State.

The thesis Burki wishes to develop is that Bhutto's fall was brought about by the defection from his ranks of the urban middle classes, who were antagonised by the policy of nationalisation and other reforms. Thus Bhutto was forced to cobble together an alliance between the landed gentry and the urban proletariat. There is only a tiny element of truth in this scenario.

In fact Bhutto's reforms did not satisfy the masses. Workers on strike were killed on the orders of PPP administrators. Eviction of peasants from the land they tilled was scaled down, but did not stop. At the same time corruption increased tenfold. The big capitalists were extremely annoyed by the nationalisations and began to finance the opposition. The large scale election-rigging sealed Bhutto's political fate and General Zia did the rest. It is worth noting that Burki, in sharp contrast to Schofield and Taseer, makes no comment on the execution or the trial except to note that it took place. His book while containing useful economic statistics is extremely unsatisfactory in the realm of political and historical analysis. It is also overpriced.

None of the three books seeks to explain the reason for the third military take-over in Pakistan's chequered history. The Pakistani ruling class have, from the very beginning, been extremely dependent on the army and the civil service. The only way Bhutto could have decreased this dependence was through a set of wide-ranging radical reforms. He failed to do so. His regime showed blankness on the national question by sending in troops to crush the Baluchis who were demanding political autonomy and democratic rights. He ended strikes with a ruthlessness envied by his predecessors. His regime employed discriminatory pricing policies which benefited black-marketeers and smugglers. Agricultural credit was extended to rich farmers rather than poor peasants. Land reforms existed essentially on paper. Corruption increased tenfold and a repressive paramilitary force was utilised to hound political opponents. The PPP had confiscated the genuine popular aspirations for social change in the towns and villages in 1970. By 1976 it was extremely unpopular. The traditional clique of feudal landlords and careerists had taken over the party. Bhutto preferred to rule the country as a fief. The PPP became a party of notables, who conferred the crown on Bhutto's wife and daughter after his death.

It was only in a military prison that Bhutto regained his popularity. He became a symbol of resistance. Ironically enough it was his execution that made him an all-powerful factor in mass politics once again. But what of the state he left behind him? Can public floggings, amputations, hangings, stem the tide? Will the 'Islamic bomb' maintain the Generals in power? I doubt it very much.

Of course the Soviet intervention in Afghanistan could give the military junta a new lease of life as US aid pours into the country. But even massive American backing will not be able to resolve the problems confronting Pakistan.

The Pakistani ruling classes attempted to go one step further than the French bourgeoisie in the time of Louis Bonaparte. They have not only made the state their religion, but sought to make religion into the sole organising principle of their state. They will therefore become the helpless victims of the very irrationality they seek to exploit.

Bhutto was Pakistan's only populist politician. In authorising his removal from the scene (a scion of the wealthy Saigol family celebrated the hanging by throwing an extravagant party!) they have signed their own death warrant. How prolonged the death agony will be remains a matter of speculation, but few doubt that the patient is dying.

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Roy Porter

Homo Homini Lupus

Faith, Reason and the Plague: A Tuscan Story of the Seventeenth Century by CARLO M. CIPOLLA *Harvester* £8.50

In August 1630 the prince of pestilences swooped down on the Tuscan village of Monte Lupo. Within six weeks 14 people had died and 28 were sickening. Even so long ago Tuscany had a precocious health service, which acted promptly: orders from Florence commanded the eponymous local official, Fra Giovanni Dragoni, to isolate the village, enforce house quarantine, open a pesthouse and a cemetery, and dispense medicine. The bloody-minded villagers resisted Dragoni, who had to call up reinforcement guards. The epidemic died down.

But when it flared up again in March 1631, the young new mayor, Francesco della Stufa, lacked clout. He failed to enforce the 40-day quarantine, and to prevent looting, before finally succumbing to the plague himself. Florence called in the heavy brigade: Commissioner-General Benedetto Saccetti, Knight of the Order of Jerusalem, and a Malvolio of a surgeon named Coveri. At that moment the parish priest decided that the village's salvation lay in appeasing God with a full-dress religious procession behind the miracle-working crucifix. The horrified civil authorities, seeing their quarantine flouted, protested in vain. Peasants flocked in from the villages all around. The procession went ahead, and climaxed in drunken feasting. A party (including the apothecary and two clerics) stole out of Monte Lupo that night to serenade a *signorina* in the next village. The palisade isolating the village was broken down. Saccetti's wrathful judicial inquiry failed to winkle out the culprits. The plague died down. Perhaps a tenth of the village was left dead.

Professor Cipolla writes as the master historian of 17th-century Italian society, medicine and bureaucracy. He gives his terse story two morals. The first regards his view of the Tuscans touched by the horsemen of death. He wants to pre-empt sentimental pictures of the Monte Lupans, proposing instead *homo homini lupus* – which could mean anything from saving one's own skin, to looting the dead, or forging exit passes. Professor Cipolla has some sympathy with the contempt of the magistrates – the 'few' – for the Monte Lupans: 'there is no worse a populace'; he commiserates with their difficulties in 'making themselves obeyed'.

His second moral is that the health authorities' campaign to confine the plague foundered on clashes between the civil and religious powers, particularly on the 'strong and obstinate hostility' of the clergy, who dragged their heels over quarantine, adamantly insisting that the plague cure lay in communal supplication. Professor Cipolla himself admits that, in fact, the Health Board's own therapy – isolating men against pestiferous 'miasmas' – was no more effective than prayers: no-one knew the role of *rattus rattus*. But at least, he claims, in the age of the scientific revolution, with Galileo living just down the road in Pisa, they had 'reason', 'empiricism' and 'observations' on their side against the 'obtuse blindness' of the Church's 'ideology'. And though he himself disclaims taking sides against 'Faith', he does assert the 'widely diffused anti-clericalism' of the populace.

But Professor Cipolla has backed the wrong horses. The facts do not support his view that plague was the intruder which caused 'the disintegration of social life', and whose exit was delayed by priestly mulishness. The really disruptive intruder into Monte Lupo was not plague, but the civil authorities. It was the health officials and their rule-book who dislocated economic life, forced up taxes, snooped into domestic arrangements and clapped men into custody. The villagers struggled not against the plague (how could they?) but against the officials. As in so many other conflicts – against tax-collectors, witch-finders, inquisitors, excise-men, and press-gangs – the real battle-lines were drawn as locals *versus* outsiders, the little *versus* the great: remember Mother Courage, remember Montaillou.

But didn't the outsiders at least offer the key to health? Not at all. Ironically – as Professor Cipolla himself admits – the health regulations may actually have *encouraged* plague, by cooping people up for a long quarantine in vermin-infested houses, and by ordering the destruction of cats and dogs (which might have kept down rats). The priests' ritual response to the plague – processions followed by carousing – was at least popular (for all Professor Cipolla's mention of 'anti-clericalism'). The bureaucracy's ritual solution – isolation, interrogation, incarceration – endangered social ties and the daily bread. It was an uninvited herald of future ages of bureaucratic control, police and prisons. Read properly, Professor Cipolla's story is really about controlling not plague but people.

Nowadays, it seems, we must expect to pay close on £10 for a 100-page book, but not ones produced as badly as this. There is no index (the Italian original didn't have one either). The notes promise that the bibliography will explain incomplete references: it doesn't. Figure 1 has a ridiculous caption. And sloppy proofreading can gloriously turn 'pesthouse' into 'penthouse'. A plague on it!

Among this week's contributors:

ALAN BROWNJOHN's collections of poems include *Warrior's Career* and *A Song of Good Life*.

PIERRE JORIS co-edited (with Paul Buck) an 'Anthologie de la Nouvelle Poesie Anglaise' to be published this year in Paris. His latest volume of poetry is *Berber Drum*.

ANDREW MOTION teaches English at the University of Hull. His collection of poems, *The Pleasure Steamers*, was published in 1978.

BLAKE MORRISON's book about the Movement is to be published by Oxford later this year.

JOHN MOLE's collection, *From the House Opposite*, was published last year.

THIS WEEK

S.S. Prawer on
'Smiley's People'

Hugh Lloyd-Jones on
Greek Tragedy at The Aldwych

Harold Bloom on
Seamus Heaney

Plus
The Vikings; Bhutto; Rousseau; Colin McInnes
and
Geoffrey Grigson's Viewpoint

Every Friday 30p

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POETS & POEMS

Under Judgment

Geoffrey Hill was awarded the Duff Cooper Memorial Prize for his latest collection of poems, *Tenebrae* (Deutsch), on January 16. Blake Morrison interviewed him in London on that day:

MORRISON: *Some reviewers have described* Tenebrae *as a more overtly religious collection than your previous ones. Is this how you would see it?*

HILL: I don't entirely agree with that description, though I can see the reasons for it. The phrase 'overtly religious' worries me because there's an implication that the poems contain the poet's unfiltered emotions or beliefs. Now rightly or wrongly I have never thought that this is the case. I believe the poet is a maker, and as such he is deeply involved with the forces and energies in society itself and in the human psyche. Religion is one of these profound historic forces. I think that the poems in *Tenebrae* are fascinated by the existence of religion as a historical fact, as a power in the lives of men and women. This is rather different from being a religious poet in the way that term is generally understood.

MORRISON: *There are many different voices and masks in* Tenebrae, *but I wonder if you don't feel that there is also a single dominant position towards religion.*

HILL: I like your phrase 'different voices and masks'. As you know the book consists largely of three sequences – 'The Pentecost Castle', 'Lachrimae' and 'An Apology for the Revival of Christian Architecture in England'. Each sequence has its own set of problems, which, as always in my case, are predominantly *technical* questions. I am trying to solve them as best I can.

MORRISON: *With regard to technique, it seems to me that as well as the familiar methods of pun and ambiguity, there is also a new element of paradox in* Tenebrae.

HILL: Paradox belongs traditionally to the kind of poetry I am trying to imitate in the book. Paradox, and the closely related oxymoron, belong both to the tradition of mystical poetry and to the tradition of Petrarchan poetry, which are the main models for 'The Pentecost Castle' and 'Lachrimae'. Certain kinds of poetry contain certain kinds of in-built problems to be solved. How, for instance, do you cope with this volatile and very treacherous instrument, paradox? How do you enter that strange relationship with form and language in which you partly guide them, and they partly guide you?

MORRISON: *I suppose there is the danger that in using the phrase 'solving problems' you make poetry sound like a very cold, intellectual activity.*

HILL: I have always been deeply moved by that remark of Milton's that poetry is 'more simple, sensuous and passionate' than either logic or rhetoric. If we lived in an ideal world, I would be perfectly happy to re-state that as my own fervent belief about the true function of poetry, without any qualification or reservation. But the nature of history and society will not allow us, I'm afraid, to rest in those beautiful, simple definitions. The whole notion of the simple, sensuous and passionate

has become debased. I think it is now equated either with extreme naïvety or else a reckless confessional mode. Now the problem for a poet who does believe in the essentially simple, sensuous and passionate nature of poetry, but who is quite rightly sceptical of some of the more recent manifestations of confessionalism, is the problem of how to avoid debasing these concepts. And the way that he must do this is, I think, by an extreme concentration on technical discipline. In the climate of our time the very concentration on form and discipline is going to seem to a lot of people to be cold and cerebral. But I see it as the only true way of releasing the simple, sensuous and passionate.

MORRISON: *You put great emphasis upon discipline, and clearly great care and patience go into the making of your poems. Is writing, then, a very slow activity for you?*

HILL: It is never less than an extremely arduous activity. The speed at which I write has changed from time to time over the last 25 years. The one book which came relatively quickly was *Mercian Hymns*: that took me three years almost to the day. My second book took nine years, *Tenebrae* took seven, and none of my books is a large volume. It is a very strange business, this matter of speed and intensity. I tend to work towards the final version of a poem through innumerable drafts, my notebooks end as a palimpsest of versions. But within that general rule there are minor exceptions. I have known inspiration, but only at the end of a work as a result of exhaustion and near-despair. I think exhaustion is a great begetter of inspiration: sheer tiredness breaks down certain barriers of the conscious mind. There is that marvellous remark of Yeats about a poem coming together with a click like a closing box which is, I think, an almost perfect description of that moment of ecstatic completion, when the last true word you've been seeking with weariness and with near despair for so long, finally and miraculously moves into place.

MORRISON: *Do you understand at all the experience some poets describe of getting perhaps three-quarters of a poem, the main body of a poem, very suddenly, in one sitting?*

HILL: What I do often get is a sense of shape and cadence and rhythm, almost as an abstract thing. It's a very difficult thing to explain or

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John Mole

Christmas 1979

Come in among all broken things –
The breathless animals at Rome,
The threadbare, huddled junketings
Which quilt an ocean off Hong Kong.

O makeshift error, turn about.
Merciful, urgent ark of aid
Forgive these sudden nails, this crate
Our frailty casts out on the flood.

But it must serve. Imperfect springs
Become the source of love, and time
Comes in among all broken things
To mend all broken things like rhyme.

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describe, but one can on occasions 'see' the shape of a poem, and 'feel' the rhythm of it, even though it has no existence at the moment apart from a brief murmuring of words at the very edge of hearing, or a faint but nonetheless perceivable rhythm in the nerves. And then slowly and with great labour one finds that one is working towards the fulfilment of that seen shape or rhythm.

MORRISON: *So that it might be at a comparatively late stage that you'd be able to put something on paper?*

HILL: When I was in my early twenties I used to compose a great deal in my head. I carried poems like 'Genesis' in my head until a very late stage. I walked a great deal in those days, much more than I do now; and 'Genesis' was composed very slowly over a period of weeks in a series of long one-day walks in Worcestershire. Over the years my pattern of working has changed. I work much more now by a slow process of trial and error, on to paper. But I don't think I've ever sat down before a blank sheet and thought 'I must write'.

MORRISON: *The title* Tenebrae *suggests shadow and darkness: do you see your work as consistently pessimistic in temper?*

HILL: No, I don't. The previous book, *Mercian Hymns*, is, I think, frequently quite funny. I would concede that a number of critics pointed this out with some surprise, as though humour were an astonishing thing to discover in my work. I think their surprise was a little excessive, because I could point to several poems in *For the Unfallen* and *King Log* which are not wholly devoid of sardonic wit. *Tenebrae* is a ritual, and like all rituals it obviously helps one to deal with and express states which in that particular season of the church's year are appropriate – suffering and gloom. *Tenebrae* does at one level mean darkness or shadows; but at another important level it clearly indicates a *ritualistic*, formal treatment of suffering, anxiety and pain.

MORRISON: *But I did feel in certain sections of the book, particularly the 'Apology' sequence, a sense of loss and nostalgia, which are perhaps new to your work. Would you accept that they were there?*

HILL: I would, provided we can agree that the loss and nostalgia we're talking about in that sequence are for the most part England's. Like *Mercian Hymns* it's a sequence about England – English history, English culture, the English people. And I use the word 'England' quite deliberately – not as some solecism for Great Britain. It's very much the nature of England itself which concerns me. Here again I think we have got to get away from the supposition that if such emotions and experience as nostalgia and loss are the subject of a poem, or a sequence of poems, they must inevitably and necessarily be the nostalgia and loss of the poet himself.

MORRISON: *Could it be said that in this new collection, and particularly in the 'Apology' sequence, there is a tendency to play off the present against a richer past?*

HILL: I couldn't accept that at all. I think if you look carefully at the sonnets in the sequence you'll see that the reverse is true. When I speak about 'Platonic England grasping its tenantry' or write 'The alien conscience of our days is lost/among the ruins and on endless roads', I am referring to those processes of the past which were the original betrayals either in 'the governance of England' or in the governance of Empire, the consequences of which we are reaping. I'd have thought it truer to say that any loss or nostalgia or melancholy in the sequence is an attempt to depict lyrically the consequences of old betrayals.

MORRISON: *There is in your work a great sense of the past being wholly continuous with the present. For you the past seems to be as real as the present.*

HILL: I am moved to anger by the notorious statement 'History is bunk', and I am moved to agreement by a slightly less well-known statement which suggests those who do not understand history are condemned to re-live it. I think that it is a tragedy for a nation or a people to lose the sense of history, not because I think that the people is thereby necessarily losing some mystical private possession, but because I think that it is losing some vital dimension of intelligence. I'm entirely in sympathy with those who would argue that in order to control the present one needs to be steeped in the past. I think my sense of history is in itself anything but nostalgic, but I accept nostalgia as part of the *psychological* experience of a society and of an ancient and troubled nation.

MORRISON: *You have talked of your sense of history being 'neither Whig nor Marxist'. How would you define your own view?*

HILL: I have some sympathy for a tradition of 19th-century thought and action which could be termed 'Radical Toryism'; for such men as Richard Oastler.

MORRISON: *Would you agree that your sense of the past is on the whole tragic or fatalistic?*

HILL: Tragic and tragedy are words with such a status that one cannot assent to them without appearing hubristic. I also think it is not entirely unreasonable to take a fairly gloomy view of both short-term and long-term prospects.

MORRISON: *There aren't many poets in this country who have written about the tragedy of the concentration camps with the force you have.*

HILL: I can't accept either your statistics or your praise. I would add only that the burden which the writer's conscience must bear is that the horror might become that hideously outrageous thing, a cliché. This is the nightmare, the really blasphemous thing: that those camps could become a mere 'subject'.

MORRISON: *The thought that language and poetry can be indecent comes up quite often in your poetry.*

Tom Paulin

Manichean Geography

Imagine a coral or guano atoll
Where a breezy Union Jack
Flaps above the police station.

There is a rusting mission hut
Built out of flattened tin cans
(Bully beef, beans and tomato pilchards)

Where the Reverend Bungo Buller
And His prophet, Joe Gimlet,
Preach the gospel of cargoes.

They worship a white god
Of dentures and worn toothbrushes
Who will come to earth, Hallelulia,

In a reconditioned Flying Fortress
Bearing bales of fresh calico
And a crate of Black and Deckers.

Seeding like brisk parachutes,
The ancestral spirits will fall
From the pod of an airship,

And the chosen people will serve
Themselves with orange jube-jubes
In a brand new discount warehouse.

Blake Morrison

Barley

Barley, with that sheen none of the others has
and the slinky little snake-dance.

The centipede with outrageous antennae,
the shaving brush, the flimsy upended broom.

From this path that has parted a mast-laden sea,

we observe your sad maturing:

the promise of June, your alert and curious
peering over each other's shoulders, your daft aerials

waiting for some message that will never come.
And then July, your heads sinking lower and lower,

a hum over the fields as tall machines
make their way through a cyclone of chaff.

Only this can flatten you, though love tries too,

its impress where the young lie down together.

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HILL: There is an indecency in language, which has nothing to do with the superficial indecencies of the pornographic or the scatological and which is most cogently expressed in that brief entry from Coleridge's notebook: 'Poetry – excites us to artificial feelings – makes us callous to real ones'. One's fear is that through the exercise of this art of such passionate finesse one might in the end be serving callousness.

MORRISON: *Can I change tack and ask you about your relationship to the Oxford poetic climate of the 1950s, when you first emerged: were you in or out of sympathy with it?*

HILL: Some poets can deal perfectly happily and competently with the poem as an anecdote, where language has a deft, satisfactory, empirical function, inoffensively conveying the gist of an interesting experience. My limitation as a poet, one might say, is a deficient sense of the anecdotal: I am much less excited by anecdote and narrative than I am by the resonances of words. The poet's true commitment must always be first to the vertical richness of language. The poet's gift is to make history and politics and religion speak for themselves through the strata of language.

MORRISON: *As you write, do you have a particular kind of readership in mind?*

HILL: I don't write for a 'reading public'; one can't. One writes for some 'other'. Someone once suggested that it might be the other half of one's own mind or being. One certainly writes *under judgment*. In every poem I write I have a sense of someone of acute sensitivity and judgment seeing what I write and I'm conscious that I want to satisfy the most stringent demands of that other. This has to be distinguished very, very carefully from 'reading public'; once a poet begins to write for that, he is in great peril. Equally I think that if any poet says 'I write only for myself', he is also in great peril – he is in danger of solipsism and self-love.

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Andrew Motion

A Dishonoured Myth

Bells In Winter by CZESLAW MILOSZ *Carcanet* £2.95 (publication 28 February)
The Island Normal by BRIAN JONES *Carcanet* £2.95 (publication 28 February)
Metrical Observations by DAVID WRIGHT *Carcanet* £2.95 (publication 28 February)
Evidences by W. G. SHEPHERD *Anvil* £2.95
Dragons by GAVIN BANTOCK *Anvil* £3.25

Sixteen years ago Ian Hamilton asked Philip Larkin whether he read foreign poetry and provoked a famously appalled reply: '*Foreign* poetry? *No!*' Larkin was speaking for the hard core of the Movement, as well as himself, and with a few notable exceptions – Ted Hughes, pre-eminently – younger British writers have tended to maintain his hostile indifference. The amount of poetry published in translation, despite some increase since the late 60s, amounts to little more than a trickle, while poets in the main stream consider their modernist forefathers as aliens, and seek to retain an authentically 'English' pedigree.

Whatever one's feelings about a native tradition, it's hard to defend sustained insularity, and impossible not to applaud publishers who are prepared to widen our horizons. In this respect Carcanet, among others, have been particularly praiseworthy. Ever since their foundation they've always promoted a large number of imports alongside their often rather orthodox home-grown authors. It's tempting to say that any addition to their list would be welcome, but when a new recruit is hailed (by Joseph Brodsky) as 'one of the greatest poets of our time, perhaps the greatest', there's likely to be especial enthusiasm.

Bells In Winter contains a selection of work written by Czeslaw Milosz since his emergence as a leader of the Polish avant-garde in the Thirties. And it provides enough evidence of his emotional intensity, formal expertise and imaginative resourcefulness to indicate that we should at least take Brodsky's claim seriously. The trouble is, it's not easy to tell how seriously, since the merits of Milosz's poetry are often obscured by its unfamiliar terms of reference. His vulnerability to political and social threats, and his vision of himself as one of 'the last heirs of a dishonoured myth', prompt him to take refuge in imperspicuity:

> We were flying over a range of
> snowpeaked mountains
> And throwing dice for the soul of the condor.
> – Should we grant reprieve to the condor?
> – No, we won't grant reprieve to the condor.
> It didn't eat from the tree of Knowledge
> and so it must perish.

This isn't to say that all his poems deliberately reject lucidity. But it does help to explain the reasons for the opacity which characterises most of his major long work 'From The Rising Of The Sun'. Its disjointed narrative, privacy, and battery of unanswerable questions are not simply powerful expressions of a mind vainly seeking stability. They also comprise a series of 'Hieroglyphs for the eye and ear' which record a tormented spiritual progress and – as this untypically simple extract illustrates – describe how Milosz's feelings of identity are lost, tenuously regained, and meticulously examined:

> During recess, biting into a sandwich wrapped
> in paper
> I stand under the wall in chubby meditation.
>
> And I would have been someone I have
> never been
> And I would have obtained what I have
> never obtained.
> Jackdaws beyond the window would have
> been remembered
> By another I, not the one in whose words
> I am thinking now.

Elsewhere Milosz treats the same theme with a complexity which is often baffling and occasionally infuriating – though there's never any doubt that the scale of his operations is impressive.

Compared to *Bells In Winter* most of the other books under review look small and the rest are dwarfed. In some cases this is a direct consequence of their provincialism. Brian Jones's *The Island Normal*, for instance, is engagingly honest and concerned, but only rarely avoids being tainted by the limitations it spends so much time attacking. England is repeatedly accused of having slumped into tedium and apathy, but his expressions of disenchantment are unrewardingly mild, compared to the strength of feeling which provokes them:

> The battens are slammed in place
> on the surviving myths:
> the returning father,
>
> the ripening smells of the big meal,
> the soft excluding swish of curtains.

Even allowing for their tame, domesticated appearance, such prospects are enough to make Jones feel 'a visitor/to my own country'. The usual effect of this, obviously, is to encourage him to turn his hand to complaining satires, but in his most successful pieces he

Andrew Motion

Wooding

From windows in the Home, old people
stared across their park, watching us
force rhododendron branches back
and trample nettles till the cedar logs

appeared. We must have looked minute:
a father and two sons no more than
silhouettes which stooped, and staggered
comically to where a trailer stood half

darkened by the wall. It took an hour.
And afterwards, to see us fooling
round the green wet-smelling load,
they would have thought us happy.

There we were – me running, someone
kicking leaves, and each of us decked
out with split sweet chestnut husks
as balls and nipples on our coats.

The whole short afternoon we spoke
of anything except your death
and then, next day, beyond that
blank enormous wall, we buried you,

still destitute of ways to show our grief.

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allows the stress of isolation to force him out of himself and into the personality of another character. The result is a degree of imaginative freedom which enables him to deepen the significance of his recurrent preoccupations, and this is often accompanied – in 'Aeneas', for example – by a corresponding increase in the interest of his language:

> Failure clings to us like a tradition.
> A steersman overboard
> welters from beach to beach.
> My dreams hatch his cries for burial.
> Every morning I must see to it
> that my face comes up from bad dreams like
> the sun.

David Wright shares this concern with exile, but his response to its pressures is altogether more reflective. It is also more political: realising that his native South Africa is the place where 'I was born but am exiled', and that England is where 'I would belong but do not', leads him to prolong his *Metrical Observations* until they can be seen to fulfil a social as well as a personal function. Although this commonly means discussing current affairs – Soweto, for instance – his most resonantly expansive poems are often produced, paradoxically, when he confines himself to the familiar and everyday. His attentiveness testifies to a profoundly democratic interest: 'the only news I have to tell', he admits in one verse letter, 'Is the quotidian miracle,/The commonplace continuous'.

This commitment is not, however, a guarantee of poetic excellence. And while his fascinations remain commendably constant throughout the book, his manner of realising them is invariably to create a kind of Higher Chat. The result is an amiable but rambling collection, in which language is seldom sufficiently disciplined or dignified by his knowledge that 'if you would make report stable,/ You must turn reality into fable'.

W. G. Shepherd's poems are made of sterner stuff. Their complex structures and austere cadences exclude any trace of prosiness, and economically convey his efforts to live with loneliness and the pains of conscience.

This compression is no doubt partly the fruit of his familiarity with Classical forms (there are some fine translations at the end of *Evidences*), but its effects are complemented by his fragmented syntax and tightly-reined sensuality:

> Elaborate geometries of foliage scatter
> Oxygen by chance. The sun shines
> Through a baffle of sapphire atoms,
> Of height. Little can be said
> Counter to such accomplishment.

In the book's third section, 'Memorials', he reaps a large reward for his restraint. He relaxes into a more flowing style, but the strategies and habits of mind which distinguish his more compact poems are adapted without any loss of intensity.

Would that the same kind of thing could be said for Gavin Bantock. After a few fairly tight imagistic pieces at the start of his new collection he succumbs to garrulity. The dragons of his title are emblems of a residual but obscure nobility which is, he says, trapped in 'the uncontrollable agony of being/alive and redundant in a world where all/legendary mansions stand in permanent ruin'. One dragon is fair game, but unfortunately he can't prevent it from reproducing itself at an alarming rate, and discharging a great deal of fiery hot air.

Latter-Day Troupers

ALAN BROWNJOHN on public poetry readings

As yet there are no accredited poets' lodgings, where literary landladies accommodate itinerant bards after their poetry readings in the manner of music hall artistes' digs. But it sometimes seems to me that there are similarities between the two kinds of performer. Like the veterans of the halls before the television age, poets today visit the four corners of the country with well-scripted 'acts' which can be frequently repeated because they have not yet gone stale with one or two exposures on the box. Like stand-up comedians, albeit serious ones with poems instead of (or as well as) jokes, the poets need to establish instant contact with strange audiences, and make extempore changes in their routine if the occasion calls for it. They flourish on audience rapport and sympathy, something which is not automatically given but may have to be won. And when they meet, they compare venues and receptions, or worry about the size of houses ('What sort of night did *you* have at the "Crown and Greyhound"?').

The poets may also travel (almost) as much as the troupers of the old halls. It's genuinely difficult to think of many people who see more of the country in a year. Certain musicians, circuit judges, actors in small touring companies, rock groups, soccer supporters. There cannot be many others. Travelling is now a much more prominent feature of the poet's life than stationary contemplation. And distracting as he may find it when he wants to get on with the job of writing, it brings the poet much-needed money. Besides, it isn't a bad way of seeing and observing the England we have now, and getting a sense of the culture in which he is writing.

Widespread public poetry reading as a form of arts entertainment came in suddenly in the 1960s, helped along but not initiated by one or two 'road shows' which put poets alongside jazz and folk musicians, actors and mime artists, and concurrent with the legendary Albert Hall readings and the arrival of the Liverpool poets. Readings organisers soon claimed, and received, grants for the purpose of rewarding underpaid poets for their trouble (the current going rate would be about £40 a reading for a 'name' poet). It was one very good way of resolving the dilemma about how to provide assistance for literature, the least outgoing and therefore the least subsidised of the arts (but the wider problem has not been solved to many people's satisfaction even now). And it led to the setting-up of 'agencies' like the London Poetry Secretariat to subsidise poetry readings in the metropolis, and the National Poetry Secretariat (at the Poetry Society) to assist readings in all other parts of the country. The facts and figures about this very modest corner of subsidy are few and simple. In the current financial year, L.P.S.-aided readings will have received about £5,500, and N.P.S.-assisted events up to £17,000. The N.P.S. sum helps about 300 organisations by making grants which average out at about 40 per cent of the poets' fees and expenses (to which further help from Regional arts associations may often be added); but it cannot afford to help with large overheads like hire of halls and publicity. There are no circuits in England on which some poets might earn their entire living (as there have been in the United States). The pattern is purely one of a large number of diverse poetry readings (about 1500 a year would be a fair guess), organised by a mixture of professional and amateur arts organisers in a strange array of venues: pubs, converted churches, art galleries, bookshops, community centres, a sports pavilion, a tower in a city wall. And in addition there is a large number of educational visits (readings and writing workshops) organised through the ten-year-old Arts Council Writers in Schools scheme; financially quite helpful to poets, who go down well with school audiences, which can vary from juniors to sixth formers.

The tide of interest in hearing poets read their work in person shows little sign of ebbing. There are short-term peaks and troughs in audience sizes but the N.P.S. figure of an average audience of 50 in this financial year is good for this relatively specialised variety of arts event. The most popular poets will, of course, attract hundreds; but much smaller audiences are quite consistent with successful presentations, particularly in remote areas where more costly arts activity is impractical, and therefore unknown. The Arts Council Writers' Tours, combining poets, playwrights and novelists in small teams, have a good track record in this respect. People *will*

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turn out for poets; and it's as well for the poets that they do, because the readings have become an increasingly important source of income.

This is why poets (and arts promoters, for whom poetry readings are an easy and inexpensive way of including literature in their programmes) react strongly if there appears to be any threat to the small trickle of subsidy which these events receive. Poets' opposition, for example, to the prospect of any devolutionary change from central to local funding of their performances, shifting the responsibility from the N.P.S. to the regions, is vociferous and eminently understandable. Any arts activity relying mostly on local funding (i.e. the rates) stands to be slaughtered in the present climate. The component items of a poet's income are already few: minor sums from publication in magazines, a pittance from books, a very little from occasional radio or TV spots, the rare gift of a writer's fellowship.

But what are the audiences getting? Generally, the larger the audience, the more a reading becomes (and has to become) a well-calculated and rehearsed platform performance. One of the most intriguing features of the world of poetry in the last two decades has been the skill which poets have brought to the task of turning themselves into extroverts, equipped with voice production, timing and a shrewd sense of audience mood. It can only be to everyone's advantage that the poet has become a good mediator between the audience and the words on the pages of his slim volumes, which may be on sale in the hall (another means of earning a little cash). In the case of the smaller gatherings, poetry readings often become the sharing of the pleasures, frustrations and preoccupations of the art with an audience itself closely engaged with the art, as readers, writers, teachers. The small reading is usually an opportunity for poet and audience to make personal contact in a way offered by the practitioners of no other art.

Out of all this, in return for the effort the poet puts into the travelling and performing (and being an itinerant bard can be very tiring indeed), has slowly come an improved communication between poet and reader, a gradual increase in understanding, appreciation and creativity. How to translate all this into effective bookshop distribution of poetry, and sales which approach audience figures for poetry on the platform, or on radio or television, is the next (and oldest) problem. That may take a little more expense, not easy to picture when conditions could hardly be worse. But literature deserves a certain redressing of the balance: at no more than 34p subsidy for each audience member (National Poetry Secretariat figures for 1979-80) public promotion and encouragement of our most important national art has so far been very inexpensively achieved.

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Poetry readings

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The Rights of the Living

PIERRE JORIS discusses the mimeograph revolution in poetry

It is of course a 'financial risk' to publish little known younger poets who often write 'difficult' poetry. That at least is the excuse the established English publishers give, when they try to explain why poetry has just about completely disappeared from their lists. (By comparison, nearly all the major French publishers – who still pride themselves on their interest in and support of young experimental writers – have one or several special collections, publishing each from 10 to 50 new books a year.) Eric Mottram puts it clearly in a fine article on contemporary English poetry (in the 'Modern British Poetry Conference' booklet published by the Polytechnic of Central London): 'Since the 1930s, officially sanctioned British poetry has favoured minimal invention and information, and maximum ironic finesse with personal anecdote covered with social veneer or location in the country.' Add to this their sheer ignorance of what is happening in poetry in other countries, such as France, Italy, Germany (not to mention South America, Africa or Japan!) and you've got a most dismal picture of the present-day 'official' poetry and publishing scene.

But, as Paine has it, 'I am contending for the rights of the *living*, and against their being willed away, and controlled and contracted for, by the manuscript authority of the dead.' The fact is that English poetry since the early Sixties has seen a major revival, producing work of outstanding quality and range. That this work is available to those who are interested enough actively to look for it, is due mainly to the movement of the little presses: 70% of the poetry published yearly in this country is published by the little presses – 80% if one takes magazine publications into account. By contrast, our weekly and Sunday newspapers, supposed to inform the public about what is going on, hardly ever review any of that output (there are a few exceptions, notably Jeff Nuttall's monthly column in the *Guardian*).

This little press movement was made possible by the development of relatively cheap printing technology. Often referred to as the 'mimeograph revolution', it is a truly revolutionary event in that basic sense that the producers have taken the means of production into their own hands. Although there are past examples of this (such as William Blake or Ezra Pound), what is amazing is the scale on which it is happening. It is impossible to state accurately how many small presses are in operation right now – they often tend to be short-lived, but new ones spring up daily – but a rough estimate would be about 300. Most of them are run by writers who print their own work as well as the work of other poets they feel close to. An obvious advantage of this is that the poet is now *in control* of the presentation of his text. Designing the book, experimenting with layout and various printing techniques has had for many of the writers involved interesting repercussions on their work, sometimes radically altering a poet's concept of what a poem is. Although it is easy to print new work (in editions ranging usually from 100 to 1000 copies), it is financially difficult for these presses to keep their books in print. As Stefan Themerson of Gabberbochus Press observes, the big press 'starts with market research' while the little press 'exercises unprofitable freedom'. Most small presses finance their ventures out of their own pockets, and any profit they might make on one of their books is ploughed back into the next project. The one source from which finance could and should come, the literature section of the Arts Council, is in incompetent hands. Its Director, Charles Osborne, once styled himself 'chief undertaker' of poetry, which describes his activities perfectly. After his putsch at the Poetry Society and the infamous Witt report of a few years back, it became absolutely clear that the governing body of the Arts Council's literary panel would not condone anything that might undermine the capitalist publishing structure.

Lack of space precluding mention of any individual small presses and their products, I

David Sweetman

That Old Levantine Bordello

Marie adjusts a black fishnet seam
the jagged graph of a falling heartbeat
and flounces the mille-feuilles
of her creamy pantaloons,
she spikes her lashes out sharply
into the rays of dark suns, and leaves
the fossil of a teardrop poised at each ear.

The banquette is velvet plush, dimpled
with a dozen rosy navels, while above,
the elaborate brass fitment
apes a musician's nightmare, a mix
of French horn, tuba and trombone
whose mantles merely hiss
like Eve's python and Cleopatra's asp.

This is the oleograph of wickedness
we cherish, the sepia sins
of the wild fathers we wished we'd had,
pensively weighing a brassière,
a soft Fabergé egg opening to nothing,
or pulling of a glove as if
yanking out the offending fingers.

So we recreate that which we never knew
from Lautrec, Degas, de Maupassant,
fleshing it out with a closer reality –
Louise, the Madame, in black bombasine,
surveys her pigeons from a municipal bench
and the monsieur, without the W up his nose,
lives above the corner shop.

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January Books

The following is a selection of books published during January and received by the NEW STATESMAN. Inclusion in this list does not preclude the possibility of a future review.

Art, Architecture & Design

ARCHITECTURAL MONOGRAPHS 6 **Edwin Lutyens** *Academy Editions* £6.95. Both black-and-white and colour prints of his designs, with an introduction to his work by Peter Inskip.

RICHARD CORK **The Social Role of Art** *Gordon Fraser* £6.95. Thirty four essays in criticism for a newspaper public.

JOHN MARTIN ROBINSON **The Wyatts: An Architectural Dynasty** *Oxford* £25. The first full-scale study of the Wyatt family, their lives and work, with 88 black-and-white illustrations and eight in colour.

MICHAEL SULLIVAN **Symbols of Eternity** *Oxford* £10. An expanded version of the author's 1974 Slade lectures on the art of landscape painting in China, with 115 plates (23 in colour).

MARCEL THOMAS **The Golden Age** *Chatto* £12.50 & £6.95. Manuscript painting at the time of Jean, Duc de Berry, with numerous illustrations, 40 of them in colour.

Autobiography & Biography

DONALD L. BARTLETT & JAMES B. STEELE **Empire** *Deutsch* £9.50. 'The life, legend and madness of Howard Hughes.'

SARVEPALLI GOPAL **Jawaharlal Nehru** *Cape* £15. Volume two of his biography of Nehru, covering the first nine years of his prime ministership 1947-1956.

ELLEN CONDLIFFE LAGEMANN **A Generation of Women: Education in the Lives of Progressive Reformers** *Harvard* £7.50. Portraits of five American women.

ROSE LA TOUCHE **John Ruskin and Rose La Touche** *Oxford* £6.95. Her previously unpublished diaries for 1861 and 1867, edited and with a long introduction by Van Akin Burd.

ANDRO LINKLATER **An Unhusbanded Life** *Hutchinson* £8.95. A biography of Charlotte Despard, 'suffragette, socialist and Sinn Feiner'.

DON LOCKE **A Fantasy of Reason** *Routledge* £13.50. A study of the life and thought of William Godwin, with illustrations, chronology and notes.

DIANA ORTON **Made of Gold** *Hamish Hamilton* £15. Ths story of Angela Burdett Coutts.

LEONID PLYUSHCH **History's Carnival** *Collins/Harvill* £9.50. 'A dissident's autobiography.'

MERYLE SECREST **Being Bernard Berenson** *Weidenfeld* £8.50. Annotated, illustrated biography of the art connoisseur.

Dance & Music

MARGOT FONTEYN **The Magic of Dance** *BBC* £11.75. Thoroughly illustrated by-product of the BBC-2 series on the history and variety of dance.

ELIE SIEGMEISTER (Ed.) **Music Lover's Handbook** *Adam & Charles Black* £9.95. 620 pages of essays by experts on all aspects of music, with illustrations and musical examples.

Fiction

GABRIEL GARCIA MARQUEZ **In Evil Hour** *Cape* £5.50. An early novel, centring on activities in a South American village.

TONI MORRISON **The Bluest Eye** *Chatto* £4.95. The story of the black American family, the Breedloves.

History

MAURICE ASHLEY **The House of Stuart: Its Rise and Fall** *Dent* £9.95. An illustrated history of the fortunes of the Stuart family.

IAN BRADLEY **The Optimists** *Faber* £12.50. Themes and personalities in Victorian Liberalism.

JOHN BREWER & JOHN STYLES (Ed.) **An Ungovernable People** *Hutchinson* £12.50. Essays on the English and their law in the 17th and 18th centuries.

IAN MACLEAN **The Renaissance Notion of Women** *Cambridge* £7.50. A study in the fortunes of scholasticism and medical science in European intellectual life.

Literary Criticism

IAN GREGOR (Ed.) **Reading the Victorian Novel: Detail into Form** *Vision Press* £12.95. Essays in the Victorian novel by the English Board of Studies at Kent University, with 'interchapters' commenting on the essays.

TERRY JONES **Chaucer's Knight: The Portrait of a Medieval Mercenary** *Weidenfeld* £8.95. A well-annotated re-interpretation of the *Knight's Tale*.

Politics and Current Affairs

BASIL COLLIER **Arms & the Men: The Arms Trade and Governments** *Hamish Hamilton* £12.50. A history of the development of the international arms trade.

JOHN L. S. GIRLING **America and the Third World: Revolution and Intervention** *Routledge* £10.50. An analysis of US policy in the Third World and of its part in global relationships.

FEREYDOUN HOVEYDA **The Fall of the Shah** *Weidenfeld* £6.95. An account of the end of the Shah's rule by the Shah's Ambassador to the UN.

ALI MOHAMMED KHALIFA **The United Arabs Emirates: Unity in Fragmentation** *Croom Helm* £12.50. Study of the background, emergence and development of the UAE.

DAVID NICHOLLS **From Dessalines to Duvalier** *Cambridge* £17.50. This volume in the Cambridge Latin American Studies series looks at 'race, colour and national independence in Haiti'.

KAY LEHMAN SCHLOZMAN & SIDNEY VERBA **Injury to Insult** *Harvard* £11.10. An examination of 'unemployment, class, and political response'.

GARY THOM **Bringing the Left Back Home** *Yale* £11. A detailed critique of American social criticism.

DUNCAN WILSON **Tito's Yugoslavia** *Cambridge* £12. A historical account of the development of Yugoslavia since 1948, with an analysis of future possibilities.

Social Questions & Philosophy

KARL-OTTO APEL **Towards a Transformation of Philosophy** *Routledge* £12.50. Essays by the Professor of Philosophy at Frankfurt.

JONATHAN R. COLE **Fair Science** *Collier Macmillan* £11.75. Women in the scientific community.

RALF DAHRENDORF **Life Chances: Approaches to Social and Political Theory** *Weidenfeld* £8.95. Examines the meaning of change and the political theory of liberty.

ERNEST GELLNER **Spectacles and Predicaments** *Cambridge* £15. Essays on the images through which we interpret life, the nature of knowledge and socio-political questions.

MARCUS FRANDA **India's Rural Development; An Assessment of Alternatives** *Indiana* £10.50. A comparison of the efforts by the Gandhi administration and by the Janata government.

JOHN GOLDTHORPE, with CATRIONA LLEWELLYN & CLIVE PAYNE **Social Mobility and Class Structure in Modern Britain** *Oxford* £12 & £4.95. Based on the data from two major studies by the Oxford Mobility project at Nuffield College.

A. H. HALSEY, A. F. HEATH & J. M. RIDGE **Origins and Destinations: Family, Class and Education in Modern Britain** *Oxford* £11 & £4.95. A sociological study of the educational experiences of Englishmen and Welshmen from the first world war up to the Seventies.

DAVID L. KIRP **Doing Good By Doing Little: Race and Schooling in Britain** *California* £6.50. An American's look at the effectiveness of the British policy of racial inexplicitness.

CAROLINE MOOREHEAD **Fortune's Hostages: Kidnapping in the World Today** *Hamish Hamilton* £8.95. An investigation of all types of kidnapping.

PETER SCHRAG **Mind Control** *Marion Boyars* £8.95. A discussion, in the 'Open Forum' series, of the contemporary increase of intervention in people's private lives, by means of electronic surveillance, information collection, behaviour modification.

JOHN STURROCK (Ed.) **Structuralism and Since: From Lévi-Strauss to Derrida** *Oxford* £5.50 & £2.95. Essays on Lévi-Strauss, Barthes, Foucault, Lacan and Derrida.

Miscellaneous

JOHN GREGORY DUNNE **Quintana and Friends** *Weidenfeld* £7.95. A collection of essays on subjects as various as Hollywood and fatherhood.

DAVID SILVERMAN & BRIAN TORODE **The Material Word: Some Theories of Language and Its Limits** *Routledge* £9.50 & £5.95. Examinations of major language theories alternate with applications of the theory to texts.

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would like to mention the Association of Little Presses. ALP has been in existence for 15 years and represents some 125 little presses and magazines. Bob Cobbing, one of the association's founders and its present chairman, has earned a special mention here for his unflagging efforts and the incredible amount of work he has put into the service of small presses. Besides publishing its informative newsletter, ALP has organised a number of bookfairs and similar events aimed at distributing the products of the little presses. Their 'Catalogue of little press books in print' (the fifth edition of which will be published this month) fills a devastating gap. A gap made wider by the recent demise of Peter Hodgkiss's 'Poetry Information', due to Arts Council induced terminal financial anaemia. Interestingly enough, the ALP was founded in 1966 partly in an attempt to remedy the situation by which in that year the Arts Council for the first time was to give subsidies to major commercial publishers – while little presses were not even considered as potential beneficiaries!

For the reader who wants to find out more about the new poetry, there lurks the final hurdle: distribution. Small press publications, having small print runs, having often unusual shapes and sizes, and being usually quite cheap (thus not yielding a great profit margin) are nearly impossible to find in the traditional bookstores. W. H. Smith-type monopoly distribution outfits are much to blame for this situation. Thus most sales are made via mail-order, although a few rare bookshops (such as Compendium in London or Oriel in Cardiff) do carry a range of small press publications. Also, from 22 February to 2 March the ALP will hold a bookfair at the Whitechapel Art Gallery Annexe (London E1).

For anybody concerned with the cultural health of this country, supporting the small press movement is of the essence. In terms of a living literature the traditional publishing structure is played out. As Mottram says: 'If Eliot, Pound, David Jones, MacDiarmid, Bunting or Dylan Thomas turned up today at a British big publisher with their unknown works, the chances of publication would be nil.'

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ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

Pfui Teufel in the Antipodes

JOHN WILLETT describes the vitality of the arts in Australia

In Australia they talk about culture shock, and that is exactly what I have been suffering from since getting back to the discontents of wintry England: the rising prices and falling values of the great Thatch-up. So far as Western culture is concerned those New Year summaries of the achievements of the 1970s make pretty gloomy reading – particularly the bits about the visual arts, where singularly little of importance seems to have occurred. As I light the fire with them I find myself compensating by sending my mind back again halfway round the globe to livelier climes. It is not just that the late lamented decade, for me personally, was marked by a new and stimulating acquaintance with the Antipodes, where I now feel only too easily at home. Rather it is the contrast of a still fast-moving offshoot of Western civilisation for which the 1970s were a time of all-round advance.

Thirteen years ago the economic historian Geoffrey Blainey coined another suggestive phrase with the title of his book *The Tyranny of Distance*. Not only the remoteness of the sub-continent as a whole but also the vast spaces separating its seven state capitals were – and to some extent still are – factors making for provincialism. But two things have happened to qualify this. First of all alert critics like the late Robin Boyd (with *The Australian Ugliness*) and Barry Humphries (via the honeyed lips of Dame Edna) have so lambasted the traditional Aussie philistine that a lot of provincialism's best features have emerged instead: cultural self-awareness, modesty of scale, independence of metropolitan judgments. Secondly of course the distances have become more manageable, thanks not merely to the speed of air travel but also to its relatively dwindling costs. With Australia now some 24 hours from Europe or the United States the obstacles to fruitful interchange have to be reckoned in money rather than in time and distance. And even the money hurdle could be lowered if Laker were allowed in.

The overriding change has lain in the area of official patronage and support. This is where provincial decentralisation and the new fear of philistinism have really paid off, one state capital vying with another in the building of great new entertainment centres or arts complexes such as only London's South Bank in this country can match. In particular Gough Whitlam's Labour government left its mark here, and for all the deterioration of climate – both political and economic – since its controversial demise in November 1975 the stimulus given to writers, musicians, filmmakers and theatre people continues to be felt. This owed something no doubt to the somewhat spurious prosperity of those days, and more perhaps to the cosmopolitanism introduced by a less exclusive immigration policy after the second world war. But where else in the world did heads of government choose to be Ministers of Culture, as was the case with Whitlam himself and at least two of his state premiers? From then on the arts could be seen to matter.

My own function in the second half of 1979 was primarily as a writer and teacher involved with the theatre, above all in relation to the work of Bertolt Brecht (or Pfui Teufel as he has been called in these columns). He currently seems to have a considerable appeal in Australia. While I was in Sydney there were creditable productions of *Galileo* (at the Nimrod Theatre) and *The Caucasian Chalk Circle* (at the Opera House) playing to full houses. Nimrod students put on a forceful programme of Brecht songs and scenes, NIDA (the main acting school) an effective one-hour *Messingkauf* mix. Ekkehard Schall came on a flying visit with Barbara Brecht and did his stunning, if highly unorthodox one-man programme. The ABC took advantage of their presence (also of Martin Esslin's and my own) to televise a Brecht programme devised by Robert Page of *Theatre Australia* in which, for once, nobody talked nonsense; it culminated with Schall in German and Robyn Archer in English doing a half-improvised version of the brothel tango from *The Threepenny Opera*.

All these institutions are of considerable interest in their own right. Nimrod, then under its directors John Bell, Richard Wherrett and Ken Horler, is an extremely congenial small house currently going through a good patch; its production of David Williamson's football play *The Club* opened at the Hampstead Theatre Club on January 21. The Opera House stage has just been given over to a new state-backed company under Wherrett following the withdrawal of the Old Tote's subsidy by a fed-up Australia Council; it is an awkwardly-designed theatre, but the building itself is a major experience each time one visits it. NIDA, which provided the director (John Clark) and much of the cast for *The Caucasian Chalk Circle*, has not only trained a lot of the best actors and designers throughout Australia but is a lively and purposeful outfit, run by exceptionally hard-working people. *Theatre Australia*, whose make-up and production puts our own equivalents to shame, gives the only comprehensive coverage of productions all over the sub-continent. And Robyn Archer – yes, she is an institution too – is the marvellously level-headed deep-voiced singer whose repertoire ranges from football club folklore to the Hollywood Elegies of Brecht and Eisler; she was in our own National Theatre's Brecht programme two-and-a-half years ago.

I saw some really good acting performances, notably by Jennifer Hagan, both in Brecht and in Williamson's new play *Travelling North*, and by Barry Otto as D. H. Lawrence visiting Australia. Likewise Lyndon Terracini of the Australian Opera, though not given enough to do by that much-criticised organisation, was outstanding in Brian Howard's chamber opera *Inner Voices* on a text by Louis Nowra, which was put on by the Victoria Opera in Melbourne: in an unaccompanied, musically difficult scene he not only hit every note truly but gave us the finest piece of acting I've seen on any operatic stage. At the same time there is an uneasy feeling around that the Australian theatre is too conventionally naturalistic; so at the University of New South Wales where I was visiting we organised a two-day meeting of theatre people to thrash this out. Four leading playwrights – Williamson, Nowra, Dorothy Hewett and Alex Buzo – argued that their work was often distorted by over-naturalistic production; moreover that even where it was not self-evidently imaginative (as are Hewett and the young and highly gifted Nowra) it was a lot more so than at first sight appeared. This is surely true, and would be borne out by Melbourne playwrights like John Romeril and Jack Hibberd whose work has not suffered this kind of misinterpretation. All the same there does seem to be a fresh trend towards a more imaginative theatre, and this is not unconnected with the new Australian awareness of German and other non-English examples.

Yet a third telling phrase which one still sometimes hears is 'culture cringe'. It means the abashed assumption that Australia's own

Napier Street, Cheswick, by Percy Lindsay 1870-1952

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culture, unlike the platypus and the eucalypt, has to come from outside, and today it is manifested not so much in the choice of works for performance or exhibition as in the persistent tendency to pick Englishmen (very very rarely Americans) for jobs in the arts. Rivalries and resentments apart, this need not matter all that much so long as it doesn't affect the direction given: that is to say, it is harmful when it leads to an over-emphasis on mediocre English or American works, but not necessarily so where the choice is less biassed, as it has undoubtedly become in the major Australian theatres. The worst victims of the cringe, to my mind, have been the galleries, saddled in the past with a formidable deadweight of British art, which can't simply be dropped from the repertoire like bad West End plays. Except for the still unfinished National Gallery in Canberra, with its generous annual purchase grant, it is too late, at present-day prices, to 'catch up'; and in any case there is an evident danger of falling for bad or dubious examples by great names or large modern works by artists of diminishing interest. Certainly the most intriguing pictures to me in Sydney, Melbourne and Adelaide were Australian, particularly those dating from before 1914. And the most striking phenomenon in the graphic arts was the still fertile tradition of cartooning and caricature.

There is something about isolated communities – and Australia has been largely formed by these, and even by isolated individuals like the solitary character in Hibberd's lovely play *A Stretch of the Imagination* – that breeds ballads and cartoons and also the short story or local newspaper sketch whose classic practitioner was Henry Lawson. All three of these are low-level, locally rooted genres remote from the metropolitan high culture of a Virginia Woolf or a Lukács, which is perhaps why Brecht and Australia get on so well. But they can also be used for sophisticated ends, as the young writer Peter Carey is now so impressively using the story. Carey is that rarity, a highly imaginative writer, verging sometimes on science fiction but writing with verbal economy and a tight narrative grip. Four years ago the University of Queensland Press published his first collection, *The Fat Man in History*, which was reprinted four times and seemed to me then quite outstanding; and now the second book, *War Crimes*, seems even better, a collection to be read alongside Michael Frayn, Muriel Spark and some of the East Europeans. Like Louis Nowra, Carey is a case of the successful subsidising of a gifted writer by the Australia Council: once again something that is likelier to be effective in smaller communities than in countries with a strong centralised publishing industry and a more even spread of talent.

The trouble with the printed word in Australia is the high price of books, and to this the British industry regrettably contributes. There are all kinds of plausible explanations in terms of high local wage rates and warehousing costs, but any Antipodean bookbuyer can see that there is something wrong when a £5 English book sells at £10 but can be got by airmail from a London (or Oxford) bookshop quicker and more cheaply, and when an American book is only about 40% above the US retail price. Somebody – possibly the British publisher's Australian distributing firm, possibly its employees – is making a bomb out of this anomaly, and the local libraries, readers and scholars have suffered. The person who certainly is not benefiting is the author, who instead of getting his 10 or 12 per cent on the local retail price, earns a similar (or sometimes lower) percentage on the amount paid to his publishers by the distributors, which may (at best) be half the British retail price; in other words, at 10 per cent on a £5 book he will get 50p per copy sold in England, and only 25p per copy sold in Australia – not £1 as you might think. This has in the past applied even to Australian authors (like Patrick White and Ray Lawler) whose books were published in London, though increasingly exceptions are now made; but there is no obvious justification for it and it would be interesting to know who swallows up the difference. A Laker of the book trade could surely simplify the whole system to everyone's advantage.

So there are still obstacles to the country's development, and it is difficult not to feel uneasy sometimes at the exceptional circumstances on which it rests. Few periods of cultural boom bear all that close an inspection; their economic basis can be flimsy (as in Germany between 1924-29) or morally deplorable (as with some of the Renaissance courts), and this applies both to whole societies and to the individual patron. In Australia, where the very rich – the Packers and Murdochs – seem far remoter from the writers and artists than in supposedly class-ridden England, the foundations of all this activity are bound to strike the outsider as somewhat unreal. There are still enough faces around to remind you of the depressed Thirties and the intractable toughness of the land itself: old-type Aussies in pubs and buses who look as if they had at some point been worked to exhaustion and left out in the sun to shrivel. Fly across the sub-continent, and for hours on end it is like orbiting the moon: where the African desert bears traces of human beings, however few and remote in time, Australia seems to be waiting for the first astronauts to plummet down. Look at the population figures: of a total of 14,000,000 (i.e. very roughly the population of London or New York, spread across an area equivalent to the United States less Alaska) nearly two-thirds live in the eight capital cities round the coast; in other words the raw materials that provide the country's wealth are produced by a small proportion of the population, dotted over a vast, mainly unprospected interior. Nor are they for the most part used to develop home industries. On the contrary the country has chosen to keep its colonial status – though largely in relation to new kinds of empire – because its people still profit by this.

It is rare to find politicians, of whichever party, looking further ahead. And the arts, like everybody else, are doing very nicely thanks. They are not, I would say, socially parasitical as in some countries, nor are they so alienated from the lower-browed citizens; this again relates to the appeal of old Pfui with his plebeian tastes. Compared with the rest of the world, however, (and aborigines apart) Australia as a whole leads the life of Riley; 'no worries' is still the national device. What has gone, alas, is the freshness and constructive hope that marked the Whitlam era. Indeed I went to a meeting in Sydney to commemorate its demise, where Whitlam himself did little more than pick at the old scabs and repeat his call for a republic (whose first president would presumably have been his Charlotte Corday, Sir John Kerr). Though Whitlam and his wife remain high in the popularity polls, it was neither he nor the representative of the new Labour leadership who offered us a wider view but the eminent historian Manning Clark. So much is still open in their country, and the possibilities are so enormous, that the political and economic imagination needs to leap great distances too. At a time when parochialism and self-interest can be made to seem splendidly pragmatic a lot depends on those intellectuals who are neither resentful nor smug.

Films

John Coleman

Thou Art Sick

The Rose (X) *Leicester Square Theatre*
"10" (X) *Warner 2; Studio, Oxford Street; Classic, Haymarket; Columbia; ABCs Bayswater and Fulham and Edgware Roads*
The Seduction of Joe Tynan (AA) *ABC, Shaftesbury Avenue*

Lying (and the word is not inappropriate, as anyone who has seen her asprawl during her stage act will testify) somewhere between Streisand and Mae West, that redoubtable foul-mouth, comedienne and singer, Ms Bette Midler, cuts through much of the cant of showbiz with the forthrightness of a flame-thrower. She is very good indeed as the star of Mark Rydell's *The Rose*, and the film itself is generally commendable. One can't help hoping, though, that next time round some more expressive vehicle will be found for her candid, surrealist talents than a ghost-train. She is Rose of the title, a belting pop-singer of the late Sixties, a composite (it is suggested) of several doomed ladies on that frenetic, travelling scene, but surely close to Janis Joplin in life- and death-style. There is the same drugs problem (both go out on a last whoosh of heroin after a period of abstinence), the same scrabbling after sex with either gender ('I can't get laid – nobody wants me,' she moans to bearded Alan Bates as her bullying manager-promoter, Rudge), the same verbal earthiness. Ms Midler has the advantage of a better script, by Bill Kerby and Bo Goldman. 'Hey, do you want to eat some Chinese?' asks Rudge, trying to straighten her out before the movie's first concert. Quick as a needle-flash, she cheers up: 'All 900 million of 'em'. A pro of sorts, she hands one of her group a stopwatch: 'I've got 35 good minutes in me tonight'. Then on she goes, hurling her body and her voice around in a fury of sound and movement; and, as usual, the drowned-out, distorted words could be in Urdu.

There is a beautifully painful encounter with an admired country-and-western performer (excellent vignette from Harry Dean Stanton), who puts her down hard. Enraged, she whirls off with his hired driver, Houston, an army sergeant three weeks AWOL, and they go on the town – a punch-up in an all-night café, a magnificent musical set-piece in a New York drag club, which builds and builds – and into bed. Frederic Forrest is a perfect foil for Midler's Rose and their hic-

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coughing relationship includes another splendid and breezy interlude when she sassily pursues her offended Houston into a men's Turkish Bath. Early on, she has confessed to him that she once got drunk in high school and took on the whole football team, Throughout the film, she has two urgent aims: to take off for a year (Rudge won't hear of it) and to conquer her home town in Florida, wipe that slate. But by now this Rose, steadily swigging from some bottle or other, is rambling. There is a pretty heavy irony as she tries to phone the concert stadium from a public call-box; in the night background, a football squad is practising under lights; suddenly, in a moment of absolute theatricality, their lights go out, leaving her, in her box, screen right, fixing. Then we cut, without let-up, into the thunder of the stadium and her final appearance. Maybe it's all those reaction-shots, with even old Bates moist-eyed, that make this a bad case of terminal pathos. Elsewhere, it has been quite a trip, Midler on the rampage. 'Don't you lerv to be in lerv?' she mocks at her opening audience; and, 'What are we, ladies? We are waitresses at the banquet of life.'

A little of this feminist ballsiness informs the week's two big disappointments. In *"10"*, co-produced, directed and written by Blake Edwards, our Dudley Moore plays George, a very successful pop composer, with our Julie Andrews playing Sam, his very successful singer-girlfriend. Just 42, George goes male-menopausal, infuriates Sam by his indifference, and abruptly falls for a cool, bridal beauty, Jenny (Bo Derek, an up-market Ursula Andress), spotted on her way to church. The plot sets short, spoilt, obsessed George on the girl's trail, leading him via the marrying Reverend (comical Max Showalter) and her macabre dentist father to a Mexican resort where Jenny is honeymooning. There he briefly tangles with a sad blonde (Dee Wallace) – 'We met at Truman Capote's party,' she reminds him – before the miracle takes place: the meeting and the bedding with the dream-girl. 'With', because Jenny (hitherto mysterious, distanced, reminiscent of the heroine of *Claire's Knee*) proves all too one-night-standable for *his* morality. 'I don't think I really have a problem, George,' she says calmly. '*That*'s your problem,' says George, dressing. And so home to Southern California and the re-wooing of a reluctant Sam.

The serious trouble with all this is that Mr Edwards never seems to have made his mind up about how seriously any of it is intended. There is a screamingly funny bit involving a shuffling old housekeeper and teatray; there is the still funny but broader stuff of George hopping wildly on scorching sand or peering through a telescope at his neighbour's round-the-clock orgies or sipping morosely at a drink in the surf between two older drunks, similarly becalmed; and there is the hardly funny, farcical matter of George rolling down a hill, falling into his pool, crashing into a police car. Some of the attempted coupling with Jenny, to Ravel's 'Bolero', has an authentic awkwardness, a barman and a gay lyricist have good lines, everyone – and notably Mr Moore – does his or her damnedest, but the fault is in the writing: a tediously protracted argument over the meaning of 'broad' as applied to women and a real tackiness in the treatment of that Capote-party lady. The Dud-character, for all his considerable charm, is a shit; and, when both Sam and her young son say, 'Piss off, George', one can only echo their sentiments.

Even more charm infiltrates *The Seduction of Joe Tynan*, dully directed by Jerry Schatzberg and beguilingly written by its male star, the highly engaging Alan Alda. Joe (Mr Alda) is an ambitious, liberal Senator, with a troubled teenage daughter, the delectable Barbara Harris as his frustrated psychologist wife, and the fantastic Meryl Streep as the lawyer who helps him to discredit a racist nominee for the Supreme Court and with whom he has an increasingly tormented affair. Once again, the entire cast acts up a storm – and that includes Rip Torn as a venal, womanising senator and Melvyn Douglas as a senile one. Predictably, there is some sharp, witty dialogue and there are several heartfelt, naughty and inventive interludes. But shifty Joe is over-endorsed and the end comes as an ambiguous cop-out. Cablese: Irish season ICA a must, ditto NFT a must-ish.

Theatre

Benedict Nightingale

Deadly Diet

The Greeks *Aldwych*

Agamemnon's great-grandfather served up his son to the gods at a banquet, and his father offered his uncle a rather similar menu, starting with a pie consisting of his own children; and so began the history of the House of Atreus, itself not exactly food for the queasy, as both press and public discovered for themselves on a long, long Saturday last week. Around elevenses, Iphigenia was sacrificed by her father for what he managed to convince himself were sound meteorological reasons, his fleet being becalmed by Artemis at Aulis at the time; as the pubs closed for the afternoon, the topless towers of Ilium came crashing down; at teatime Agamemnon himself was speared to death by his wife and first cousin, and, as the pubs re-opened, they themselves were skewered by his son, Orestes; between the soup and the savoury, Orestes did in his uncle's wife, Helen; and as last orders were taken, Iphigenia was discovered alive in the Crimea, and reconciled with her brother, himself now half-crazed by conscience, Furies, or a blend of both. 'Oh, for an hour of Herod!' famously muttered Anthony Hope, leaving a J. M. Barrie first night. 'Oh, for a week of *Peter Pan*!' some of us might have countered late last Saturday.

The first question must be, how much textual dismemberment is there in the pie cooked

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I.C.A. Sun. 24 Feb. 8 p.m. Gerald Barry (composer) his own music with Beth Griffith and Lontano ensemble.
St. John's, Smith Sq., Fri. 29 Feb. 7.30 p.m. Ulster Orchestra, cond. Bryden Thomson, Sheila Armstrong (sop.).
Royal Festival Hall, Mon. 10 Mar. 8 p.m. Radio Telefís Eireann Symphony Orchestra, cond. Colman Pearce.
Queen Elizabeth Hall, Tues. 11 Mar. 7.45 p.m. New Irish Chamber Orchestra, cond. Kenneth Montgomery. Works traditional to modern.
Exhibitions, discussions, lectures at British Music Information Centre, 8, 11, 15, 20 Feb., Boydell, Corcoran, Wilson, Barry.
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by John Barton and his co-adapter, Kenneth Cavander? The answer is, a good deal. Much is cut, compressed, switched, added. Most often the object is to keep the narrative bubbling along, or to avoid overlap: Polyxena, for instance, survives *The Trojan Women* in order to die in *Hecuba*. Sometimes consistency is the aim: the quaint claim that the face that launched a thousand ships was a phantasm, the doppelganger of a woman actually hiding in Egypt, is propagated in *Helen*, and so has to be repeated in *Orestes*; in *Iphigenia in Aulis* Clytemnestra spuriously yells at her husband, 'do not turn me into an evil woman', thus preparing us for her less than wifely conduct in *Agamemnon* itself; similarly, the Furies are often, fearfully and gratuitously mentioned before they actually begin buzzing around Orestes's bonnet. But sometimes the purpose seems to be to compensate for what Mr Barton, in my view presumptuously, sees as lapses in his sources. Were the Homeric heroes, as he suggests, aware that they were actually fighting about control of profitable trade-routes? Should his Agamemnon really promise to release the treacherous Polymestor in return for his stock of stolen gold, not something that happens at all in *Hecuba*?

My main worry is not, as you might expect, Barton's confessed addition to the archives, his *Achilles*. Its language is not often as deft and lucid as his translation of some other plays – indeed, lines like 'I feel cheap inside' and 'don't press me, Priam' fall pretty oddly from its hero's mouth – but it tells Homer's tale of the deaths of Hector and Patroclus with laconic vigour. No, what disturbs me most is the extent to which Barton amplifies what is, admittedly, the cycle's running debate on the nature of the gods, making the characters' scepticism more explicit and categorical than it properly should be.

The original Agamemnon, for instance, does *not* tell Hecuba that religious belief is a salve, that the gods are indifferent to men, and that chance prevails. The anonymous veteran of Troy in *Helen* does *not* describe the gods as 'evil': he says their ways are mysterious but 'for the best', and denounces only false prophets. Clytemnestra is *not*, as Barton implies, a near-atheist. Apollo, in *Orestes*, does indeed have the appalling gall to boast that he and his fellow-Olympians caused the Trojan war to 'purge the tired world of its sad superfluity of human mortality': but he does *not* go on to describe how good and bad are 'mixed up together' among the gods, as among men. And Athena does *not* end *Iphigenia in Tauris*, the last play in the RSC's cycle, with a long homily about necessity, freedom, sin, suffering, and the fractious temperaments of both gods and mortals, concluding that 'order, harmony and meaning come only in fragments to men': she simply says something sensible about the Athenian jury-system.

What we're left with is not Aeschylus: he is represented only by an abbreviated *Agamemnon*, and his customary attitude to the gods, a crouched blend of awe and terror, isn't that of the cycle. We are certainly not offered Sophocles, who is merely part-author of *Electra*: his priestly belief in an inscrutable cosmic justice is nowhere to be found. Nor do we quite get Euripides, though seven of the ten plays are nominally his. Rather, we have a contemporary agnostic's attempt to refashion Euripides in his own furrowed, flustered image. It is not sufficient for Barton, it seems, simply to show the capricious, petulant, sometimes cruel behaviour of the gods, to present us with mortals trying, on the whole, to sustain trust in the teeth of often gruesome afflictions, and to let us draw our own conclusions from the contrast. Instead of Euripides in his quiddity undiluted, we must be given a commentary, an analysis, a summary of what his director thinks he basically means. Did Barton – I caught myself intermittently wondering – actually suspect himself to be the reincarnation of Agathon, the great lost Athenian playsmith?

Two more caveats, neither of which will surprise those familiar with modern styles of direction. First, is it really necessary to italicise Euripides's relevance by (most dramatically) transforming smocks into jeans, swords into stens, and Orestes and Electra into urban terrorists, hijacking Hermione en route from Clytemnestra's tomb to Helen's pad? Second, doesn't Barton sometimes go too far in his generally admirable efforts to demonstrate that Greek drama needn't be done 'too solemnly and heavily'? The mistake is to include *Helen*, a superfluous anecdote whose sole virtue is to allow Janet Suzman to dimple, mince and make amusing moues at herself as she sunbathes on an improbable sarcophagus. The silliness of it infected both the subsequent proceedings and Saturday's exhausted audience, which gratefully tittered as Peleus rippled through a picnic-basket containing slices of his murdered grandson and then skipped with a simpering Thetis into the sunset, more like Eric and Ernie at the end of a TV laugh-in than protagonists of *Andromache* itself. Euripides's mood is sometimes ironic, even sardonic, the most 'modern' in Greek drama; yet Aristotle thought him the most tragic of the poets, and he never, I think, trivialised pain.

And yet, in spite of everything, I left the theatre impressed as well as shattered and exasperated. How bold the project is, how striking its individual successes prove. Here's John Shrapnel's Agamemnon, becoming sweatier, blearier, crasser as the war grinds on, and here's Suzman's Clytemnestra, all feral exhilaration as she watches him die. Here's Tony Church's copper-curled Menelaus, smug, sly and doltish, and here's Billie Whitelaw's Andromache, arms flung aloft and wrists painfully twisting as she prepares for her son's death. Here's the insolent swagger of Mike Gwilym's Achilles, and the fever of his Orestes. Here's Lynn Dearth's defiantly unromantic Electra, with her baleful grins, hacksaw cackle, and occasional awareness that the habit of hate is eroding her past repair. As Barton promised, most of the characters emerge, not as echoing archetypes, but as individuals with the capacity for hurting and being hurt, deceiving others and themselves, sloughing off moral responsibility and blaming their fouler actions on necessity, blood obligations, or gods who, it's true, take perverse delight in confronting them with insufferable dilemmas.

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And we can hardly disregard the subjects redundantly raised ex cathedra, or ex machina, by Barton's garrulous Athena. The tale's own contradictions force us to ask ourselves how evil is brought into being, what perpetuates it, how the endless cause-and-effect is to be broken, whether peace and justice can ever be sustained. It makes us think about the general, and also about the particular, notably about the function of women in a world that reduces some to (Orestes's words) 'fields sown with others' seed', some to more formal slaves and concubines, and some to members of Mr Barton's chorus, wailing and impotently fluttering on the sidelines, yet palpably the repositories of history, culture and common sense. There is distortion here, too. The original Andromache, for instance, seems content to depend on and devote herself to the opposite sex, and does *not* declare that 'men damage us, that is why we suffer . . . but perhaps we enjoy more than men'; and yet it's perfectly true that the most dignified and virtuous characters Euripides created are women. Iphigenia, Polyxena, Adromache herself, leave all those princes and generals looking petty, self-serving, hypocritical, or worse.

Further summary isn't easy. Enough to conclude that the main successes, the most simply and effectively staged and touchingly acted, are the Iphigenia plays, *The Trojan Women, Hecuba, Agamemnon,* maybe *Electra.* But even here you should bear in mind that what you're seeing is not precisely and essentially what the title claims, *the* Greeks.

Music

Andrew Clements

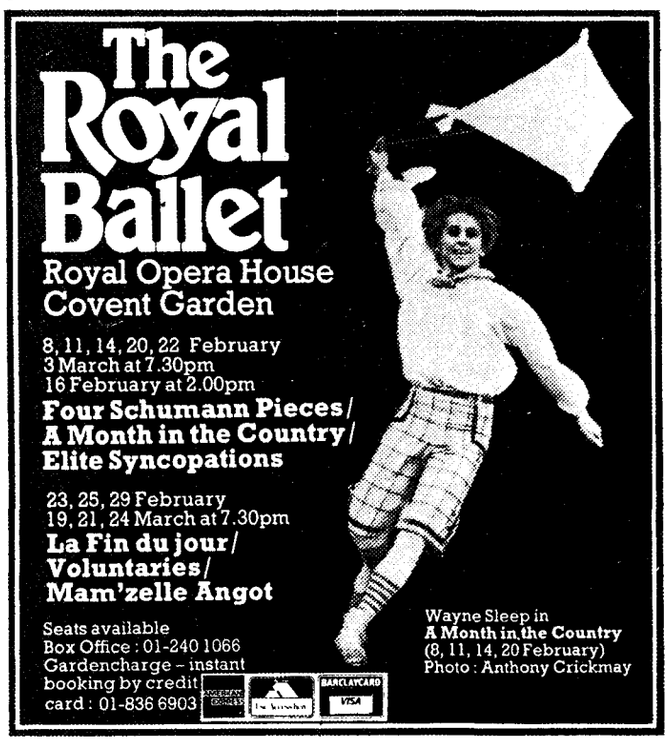
Lifting the Gloom

MusICA *ICA; further concerts 17, 24 February, 9, 16 March and 6 April*

It threatens to be a cruel year for contemporary music in London. Isolated events by small, independent groups continue to proliferate, but there is little co-ordination, little sense of a central force to provide them with direction and steady momentum. To extract maximum impact new music must be skilfully packaged; short of Arts Council funds organisations likely to do that will centralise rather than diversify. One fears the full extent of the stringency will not be felt until plans are announced for the 1980-81 season, but currently two series are likely to lift the gloom, at least temporarily, and furnish the variety and enterprise we shall soon be lacking. In two weeks' time at St John's, Smith Square, the London Sinfonietta begins a programme of five concerts of music since 1945; that project's emphasis on established reputations is neatly complemented by MusICA, ten events devised by Adrian Jack and presented on Sunday evenings in the ICA's refurbished theatre.

Jack's involvement has given purpose to the ICA's previously *ad hoc* approach to music. The series is unashamedly partisan in its content; it does not attempt any sort of overview of contemporary music but concentrates instead on the fringes – neglected figures, multi-media projects, and young composers. Later in this second MusICA there will be introductions to the work of Denis Smalley and Gerald Barry and a retrospective devoted to the early years of serialism. Yet a bias towards 'experimental' music has always been present, and the tribute to John Cage on 20 January was obligatory at some stage. Cage remains more discussed than performed in Britain, and realisations of two of his major scores of the 1950s by Music Projects/ London, directed by Richard Bernas, was a major contribution to his cause. The choice of programme was careful: *Sixteen Dances* is one of the last of Cage's completely notated scores, written in 1951 and never before performed in London; *Atlas Eclipticalis* (played at the ICA with Cage's later *Winter Music* for piano, as he suggests) is almost the *locus classicus* of indeterminacy, composed for anything between one and 86 musicians, its pitches derived from star-map projections, their rhythm and co-ordination left entirely to the players.

Cage's influence on succeeding generations of the avant garde has been enormous, yet composers such as Stockhausen and Boulez extracted from his explorations only what they required to solve the problems of form that serialism presented. Cage's concept of form as variable and open-ended was not intended as an end in itself, but merely as a means by which he could suggest a free association of sounds, directing the listener's attention away from the context and towards the quality of the sound event itself. Previously I have found it difficult to adopt this Zen-like approach to Cage's music, but on this occasion the recipe worked. *Sixteen Dances* provided a fascinating, involving experience: rhythmic formulas derived from Merce Cunningham are worked over with the tiniest melodic cells and scraps of harmony, the results continually regrouped and re-layered for an ensemble of nine players. The interest here is at least as much in the mechanics of the inexact repetitions and coincidences as in the sound of the spare, disconnected fragments drawn from the instruments, but *Atlas* allowed a more passive appreciation. Music Projects all but achieved the flux of sound that the piece requires but which is extremely difficult for conventionally trained



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27 June	7 November
25 July	19 December

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musicians to obtain; the listener was slowly drawn into the web of isolated pitches and held, totally absorbed.

The following Sunday, a programme of music by young composers presented rather less reward. The cast of three of the four works on offer was surprisingly conventional, and it was a great pity that the one piece which suggested a more radical approach to sound and structuring was so carelessly performed by the group Lontano. Sinan Savaskan's *Many Stares through Semi-Nocturnal Zeiss Blink* obtains its parameters from architectural projections, working out the results in slow moving, exactly proportioned instrumental lines. The score revealed many niceties of articulation and technique that the players did not even attempt; there are few notes, but those there are demand careful, 'beautiful' playing. Lontano has built up a considerable reputation in contemporary music but evidently it feels more at home in some areas of the repertory than in others.

Jane Wells's *Under the redwood tree* is right up its street, however: two weepy chunks from Elizabeth Smart's *By Grand Central Station I Sat Down and Wept* are given to a solo soprano (the admirable Karen Jensen) while an ensemble provides punctuation and the occasional literal effect. It is sturdily put together and logically proportioned, but not without some moments of deflating bathos. Raymond Deane's *Lichtzwang* for cello and piano was a short elegy to the memory of Paul Celan, pointed, shapely and probably the most 'finished' composition of the evening, while Brian Noyes's *Voyages* was an over-energetic exercise in thematic working and tonal reference, sometimes erupting most disconcertingly into ripe romanticism and climaxing in a great piano cadenza, full of bravura fury and bold assertions of invention.

Television

Julian Barnes

Reveille

It feels odd, almost wicked, setting your alarm clock in order to catch a TV programme. The last time I did it was when, for some reason, I wanted to watch *A Question of Sex* in Birmingham. In the London area, LWT had rightly argued that if you've taken the plunge and backed a show with sex in the title, then you have to put it out at some, well, appropriate time – like late on a Friday night. Other regions, either seeking to display a yeoman independence of the big city, or knowing more about the metabolic rate of the locals, chose to put it out at the unlikely hour of 8.55 on a Saturday morning. Ratings – to go no further – are hardly likely to rise much at that time of day.

The latest addition to Weetabix and Fernet Branca viewing is *A Better Read* (Tyne Tees), a book programme which goes out at 9.05 on a Sunday morning on LWT, Anglia and Southern, 9.25 on Yorkshire, 11.00 on HTV, and a civilised 11.30 on Westward and its channel of origin. Perhaps this tells you something about the programme controllers' view of when the literate surface; in Scotland, Ireland and the North-West, presumably, they are deemed either not to surface at all after their Saturday nights, or not to read books. Despite such ragged networking, and despite the disturbance of this column's Sunday lie-in, we give three cheers for Bill Grundy's jolly new show – the first book programme on ITV for what feels like ever. It's astonishing how niggardly both authorities have always been towards books, considering how much of television's primary material is drawn from them.

For all its edifying title, *A Better Read* isn't about the latest from Piers Paul, but is devoted to paper-backs – or, as Grundy puts it, trying to sound as thumbs-in-the-braces as possible, 'books which give you a jolly good read and be damned what the highbrows think'. Understandably dubious about his show's chances of competing with the *News of the World*, the host found himself, during this week's discussion of crime fiction, pleading with viewers on four separate occasions not to switch off: 'Don't go away,' he begged, with a no-really-this-one's-on-me wave of the hands. One such plea came immediately after announcing the *TLS*'s thriller reviewer, Tim Binyon, as 'a lecturer in Russian at Oxford University'; the intention was doubtless of the best, but it can't have given Binyon much confidence that his would be a welcome face over the grape-nuts in London, East Anglia and the South. As it happened, Grundy's other guests were P.D. James and Peter Dickinson, so the tone of the discussion was always informed and respectable. Dickinson even came on sociological, declaring at one point that 'the body on the library floor represents a breakdown of social norms'. It almost seems worth writing a thriller just to work in the line: 'Well, constable, what have we here?' 'Looks to me like another breakdown of social norms, Sarge.'

Social norms held pretty firm throughout *War School* (BBC-1), which often seemed a where-are-they-now follow-up to *Public School*. In the final episode the officers were given promotions and new jobs, or not as the case may be. Most seemed baffled by the code of numbers and letters which their jobs went under, and weren't sure whether to be pleased or disappointed with what they got. One young blade asked to stay in London because he found the social life so agreeable (why did he join the Army? didn't he read those recruiting posters about travelling the world, meeting interesting people, and killing them?). With incredible sympathy – I'd have sent him to Tristan da Cunha – he was posted to the Mayfair recruiting office, where he will scout for like-minded Burlington Berties.

While *War School* undoubtedly had its Python comments – 'Alpha combat team' stalking along in their NBC (Nuclear, Biological, Chemical) suits with luxuriant turves on their heads – and while the apparent state of our forward planning didn't offer much hope for our (or their) survival, there were some grounds for relief. The younger officers, while unsurprisingly conservative, seemed decent, reasonably intelligent, politically passive and gratifyingly unbelligerent. Given that we have an army, filling it with members of the Radley squirearchy doesn't seem too bad an idea. The last thing the chaps struck you as was gung-ho, and that's surely what you want. I'd almost consider letting my daughter marry one of them.

Altogether more gung-ho this week, for once, were the England rugby forwards (*Grandstand* BBC-1), who raked, high-tackled and climbed into rucks like big bad New Zealanders. Not far behind was Tim Page, Vietnam war photographer and subject of Arena's *Mentioned in Dispatches* (BBC-2), who rushed in where other lensmen feared to tread, and duly got shot up and shrapnelled. He survived, but is prematurely greying, slurred of speech, and limping: 'I'm a little freaked about my inability to recover.' Maybe it's unfair to expect a photographer's mouth to talk well when his lens will always talk more fluently; and in any case, Page's wounds make it feel unfair to murmur criticism; but even so, his insistence on the glory of the Vietnam war and his mannered assumption of the role of hero – 'I'm a professional myth, it's boring' – weren't altogether endearing. If he is a hero – and he seemed too driven a character to qualify – he's one for Hemingway's time, not our own. Today, he seemed a burnt-out case, his vocabulary and his attitudes both stuck in a Sixties, macho-hippy warp.

Otherwise, the week marked the return of Reginald Bosanquet to our screens with his film for *Nationwide* (BBC-1) about divorce. It turned out to be a skimpy bit of special pleading for chaps who – like Bosanquet himself – marry twice. Husbands and second wives came on and recounted what a terrible time they were having. As the film proceeded, the absence of first wives became gradually more marked. It's probably Reggie's idea of balance.

The ex-newscaster popped up again later that evening, with little enough justification, on Ian Wooldridge's *Mr Packer and the Poms* (BBC-1), which felt as if it had been recorded inside Packer's trouser pocket. The presence of Barry Humphries ensured that any serious points raised would soon be dissipated; though he did come out with the week's best crack. 'When you're talking to old Kerry, don't tell him to take the stocking off his head, because he's heard it too many times before.'

Weekend Competition

No 2603 **Set by P. W. R. Foot**

14 February will soon be upon us (Len the Unlucky has cleared his pigeon hole in anticipation). Will compers please provide an appropriate valentine – in verse, natch – for Mr Quilp, Lady Catherine de Bourgh, Iago, Mrs Proudie or any other hard-to-love character in fiction. Limit 16 lines, by 22 February.

No 2600 **Set by G. C. Nicholls**

We asked you for verbs based on the names of contemporary political figures.

Report **By Fat Jeff**

A witty crop. A wilson for each *mot juste* would be fitting, I think.

She nagged so much I felt quite thatchered;
The verbal powelling I took was grim.
I need to freud around a little
And give my brain a chance to pym.
Ah, waiter, jenkins me a double.
I'll soames it here to save you trouble.

C. VITA-FINZI

The fuss had obviously whitelawed the young

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offender, judging by his charred clothing and a smell very like roast pork in the cell.
RUSSELL LUCAS

I called them all together and gave them a right paisleying.
KATE SHORT

It's a tiring business, kinnocking from one TV studio to another.
JIM ANTHONY

I didn't wait until I was 65, I wilsoned; now I'm maudling two or three directorships.
ROY KELLY

Leaping on his tormentor's back, he twisted his head in a vicious double-callaghan, thrust his knee between his legs to tebbit him before the umpire could move in, then flung him across the ring and left him attleed on the ropes like a crumpled cigarette packet.
MARY MILLETT

To me it was a profoundly serious issue – but of course he simply stevassed round it.
P. M. G. SHIEL

If you can't beat 'em, prentice them.
J. MORRIS

He'll never make it to the top again, but he's still heathing about in the background.
W. J. WEBSTER

What percentage of the ruling class are born to it, and how many thatcher their way there?
MARK CHRISTIE

Just a shampoo and set, sir, or would you like it heseltined?
NICHOLAS HODGSON

Surely you can't simply joseph a man and leave him to starve?
DAVID MORGAN

'The best callaghan and foot, while the worst joseph.' (W. B. Yeats)
STEPHEN GLYNN

The police felt they had been bruce paged from a great height.
T. GRIFFITHS

Sixth-formers should not thorpe the new boys.
ALEXANDER BRODIE

His wife's found out he's been churchilling the au pair.

Wilson your way out of that one!
MAY DAY

He skinnered me into submission.

He callaghans in a crisis.
GILL BREENLLEW

You can save your breath – I will not be heffered.
MICHAEL BIRT

It was a straight choice: redundancy, or being soamesed out to grass.
BASIL RANSOME-DAVIES

'Iceberg ahead!' the lookout screamed, but the captain thatchered on.

'The little darling, she's speaking in sentences', the adoring mother exclaimed, but the infant was just kennedying.
JOHN SOUTHERWOOD

I'd really only five minutes of matter to fill a half-an-hour slot, but I managed to merlyn it out.
RUFUS STONE

Tony Miles

Chess

No 166 **Fine English play**

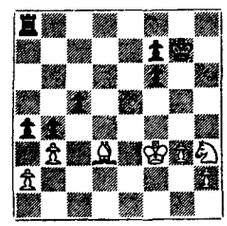
The European team championships at Skara in Sweden were, as expected, won convincingly by the USSR team. They scored 36½/56, winning by a margin of 7½ points. The battle for second place, though, was extremely close. After our promising start, drawing 4-4 with the USSR, the England team, sponsored by Duncan Lawrie, went through a poor patch. In the second round we lost 3½-4½ to a weakish Bulgarian side and then by the same score to the Czechs. A fourth round draw with Israel kept us well away from the struggle for the medals. It was only in the fifth round that things suddenly went right for us again. Paired against the strong Yugoslav team we got a flying start when John Nunn out-theorised Velimirovic to score an early point. Then Ray Keene crushed Marjanovic and I beat Ljubojevic. In the second session Jonathan Mestel beat the Yugoslav champion Nemet and Simon Webb managed to save a lost ending to give us a scarcely credible 6-2 win. In the penultimate round another win, 4½-3½ against the lowly Swedes, actually raised us to the dizzy heights of second place. The scores then were USSR 31½, England 25½, Yugoslavia 25 and Hungary, the Olympic champions, 24. The final pairings were England v Hungary and Yugoslavia v USSR! Unfortunately the last round – played in the morning which sleepy English players always hate – did not go well. At one point we seemed in danger of a horrible defeat. However, enough of the team woke up in time to keep the margin 3-5 which, as the USSR won by the same score, was sufficient to secure the bronze medals. Though this was probably the best ever performance by a full English team, there were some even more encouraging points. Over the top four (even five) boards – the size of Olympics matches – we scored astonishingly well, even outscoring the Russians by a full 3 points! I won the board 1 prize, John Nunn the board 3 and Ray Keene shared the one for board 5. In contrast the top three USSR players failed to score a single win! This week's game is John Nunn's fine win over Polugaevski.

White: L. Polugaevski **Black: J. Nunn**

1.P-Q4, N-KB3; 2.N-KB3, P-B4; 3.P-Q5, P-K3; 4.P-B4, PxP; 5.PxP, P-Q3; 6.N-B3, P-KN3; 7.P-K4, B-N2; 8.B-K2, 0-0; 9.0-0, R-K1; 10.N-Q2, QN-Q2; 11.Q-B2, N-K4; 12.P-QN3, N-R4!? 13.BxN, PxB; 14.B-N2, B-Q2, 15.QR-K1, Q-R5; 16.P-B4!? Double edged, involving an exchange sacrifice. Safer was N-Q1 or R-K3 with a slight advantage. **16. . .N-N5; 17.N-B3, B-Q5ch; 18.K-R1, N-B7ch; 19.R-N, QxR; 20.Q-B1.** On 20.Q-N1, B-B4! is interesting eg 21.R-K2, BxP; 22.Q-Qb1, QxKN! 23.PxQ, BxPch; 24.R-N2ch, K-R1. **20. . . B-R6! 21.R-KN1, K-B1!** A neat move which Polugaevski probably underestimated. **22.NxB, PxN; 23.P-B5?** The critical moment. Correct is 23.B-R3! with obscure complications. One possibility is . . .QR-Q1; 24.N-N5, RxP; 25.NxQP, BxPch; 26.RxB, R-K8ch; 27.QxR, QxQch; 28.R-N1 and the threat of N-K4ch-B6mate wins for White!! **23. . .PxN; 24.QxP, RxP; 25.PxB, K-K1!** The king calmly strolls to safety. White has run out of ammunition. **26.Q-Q3, R-K8; 27.RxR, QxRch; 28.K-N2, R-B1; 29.P-B6, K-Q2; 30.QxP, Q-Q7ch; 31.K-N3,QxQP; 32. K-R4, R-K1;** resigns.

Problem 166

Black to play. White's minor pieces and passed RP look likely to give him a win. How should the game go? Answers to me at the NEW STATESMAN postmarked no later than 20 February.

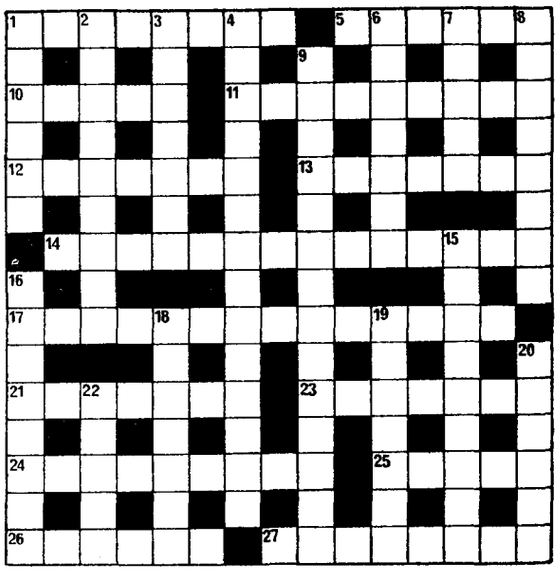


Solution to problem 164

1. . . N-K8ch; 2.K-N1, Q-R8ch!! Resigns since 3.KxQ, R-B8ch; 4.Q-N1, B-B3ch mates.

Weekend Crossword 1332

PRIZES: Book tokens of £2 for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 1332, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ, by first post 19 February.



ACROSS

1 Take away two vehicles put into reverse before starting time (8).

5 Operatic character that is about made acceptable in America (6).

10 Breaks cold spells (5).

11 Aircraft used by a publisher during his journeys (9).

12 Part of the body held by me as a contrivance (7).

13 Structural feature redesigned on trams (7).

14 After I enter the market I make a remark about a people like us (8, 6).

17 Oblique remarks? (8, 6).

21 Bound along with a swelling in the middle (7).

23 A tobacconist died before a game (7).

24 Soldier chops up great tree (9).

25 She has to exist on nothing (5).

26 Swollen but with nothing to take for it (6).

27 Permit to enter which provides a drink after the examination result (8).

DOWN

1 Notice about a man's name forming an entry word (6).

2 Mansfield made her boy friend the winner (9).

3 Composer discovered in coming across in Italian opera (7).

4 Firework gives a woman a turn (9, 5).

6 Fruit for great lady (7).

7 Verses containing untruths about the north (5).

8 To take food without liquid is a relief (8).

9 Dead sisters are buried in poor district (10, 4).

15 Faulty cognition is unknown (9).

16 Scare by going straight into the bog (8).

18 Garments to be put into from personal experience (7).

19 Bird with tormented soul behaving like a rival (7).

20 Showing enthusiasm for study in painting perhaps (6).

22 Attracted members of all three parties? (5).

SETSQUARE

Solution to Salamanca 26

G	I	A	N	T	S	T	R	I	D	E	H	
S	N	I	D	E	T	H	E	N	E	M	A	
A	G	R	I	S	E	R	I	S	K	E	R	
D	O	W	N	T	R	O	D	C	K	U	E	
H	T	A	F	Y	E	U	N	R	O	L	L	
U	N	R	E	C	O	G	N	I	S	E	D	
H	Y	D	R	O	P	H	O	B	O	U	S	
A	S	S	I	S	T	S	A	E	C	D	T	
N	P	P	N	H	I	T	M	A	K	E	R	
T	R	A	G	I	C	O	E	D	E	M	A	
L	O	C	H	S	O	N	N	O	Y	E	D	
E	F	E	I	G	N	E	D	N	E	S	S	

Prizewinners to Salamanca 26
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(Le Mesnil St Denis)
A. Parker (London SW6)
W. J. Linskey (Cambridge)

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'THE REFUGEE EXPERIENCE', Residential Conference, Cumberland Lodge, Windsor Great Park, 22-24 February 1980, co-sponsored by the Royal Anthropological Institute and Minority Rights Group. A review of world refugee problems with special emphasis on understanding refugees' actual experience. Inclusive charge £21.50 (£15.20 students). Apply Cumberland Lodge, The Great Park, Windsor (tel. Egham 32316), enquiries to the Royal Anthropological Institute (01-486 6832).

IMMIGRATION POLICY, a question for conscience. A public lecture by Michael Dummett, FBA, Wykeham Professor of Logic Oxford University, at Westminster Cathedral Conference Centre, Ashley Place, London SW1, on Monday 18 February 1980 at 8 p.m. Sponsored by The Catholic Commission for Racial Justice, Church Hall, 1 Amwell Street, London EC1. Tel. 01-278 5880.

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WHAT IS ANARCHISM? Ronan Bennett — 3 p.m. Sunday 10 February. And on Sunday 24 February, 11 a.m., The Inner Game: Sir John Whitmore; and Rhodesia, Professor Claire Palley at 3 p.m. Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, London WC1. South Place Ethical Society.

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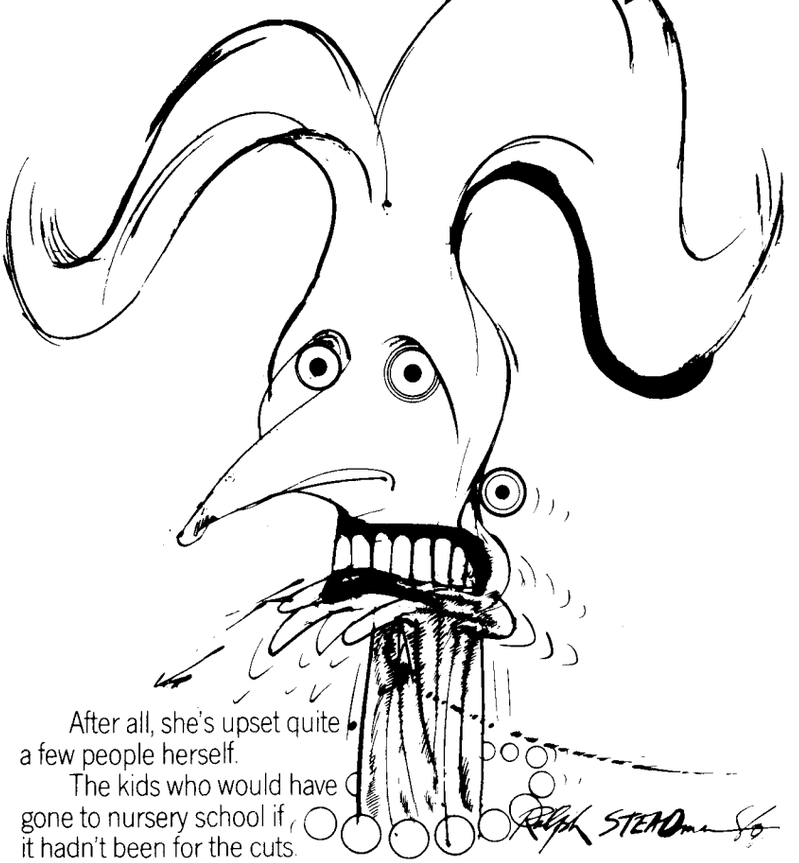

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